ICD

AUGUST 8, 1967

How It Feels to Live through a Riot
—SEE PAGE 847

NATIONAL REVIEW

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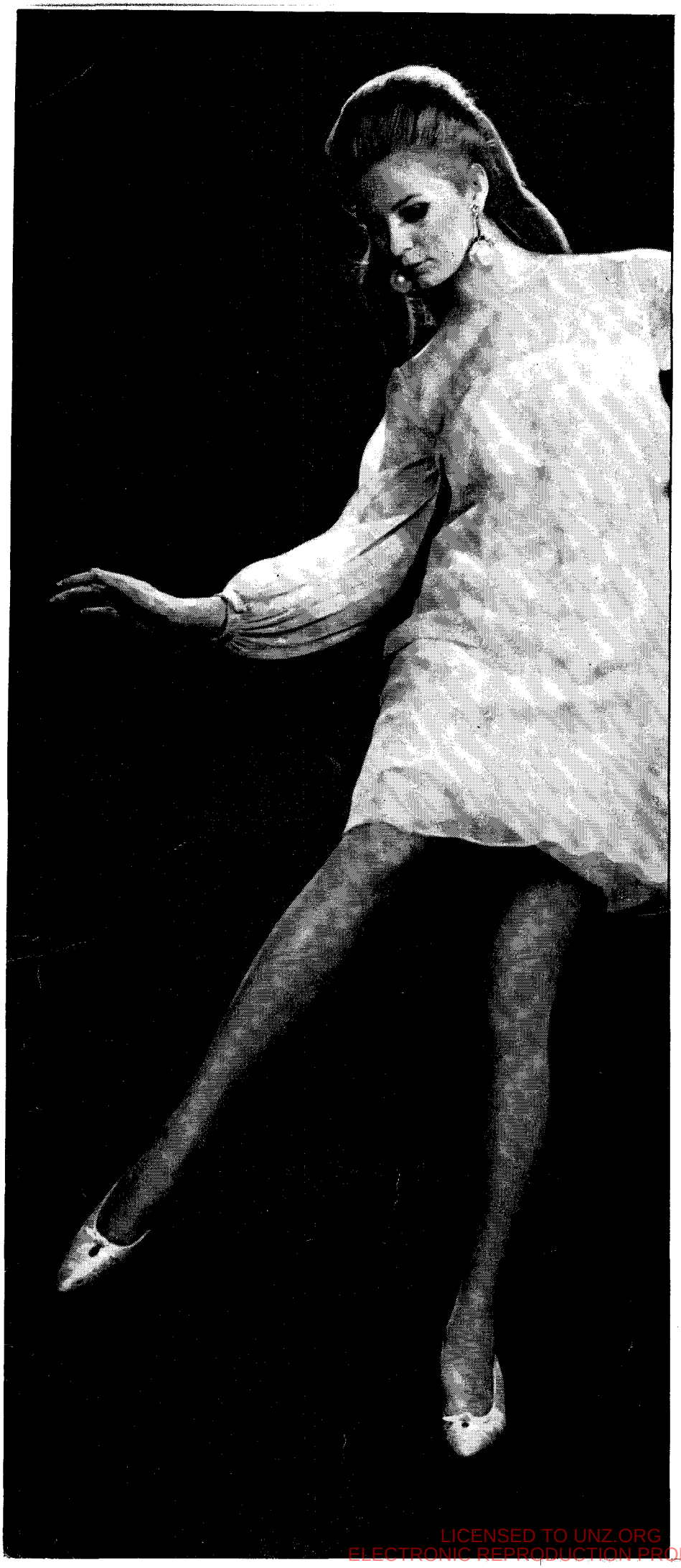

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VOL. XIX No. 31

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ **Will Herberg** is unlikely to get pelted with flowers as he sneaks in behind the defenses of the hippies with the sharp insights to be expected of a professor of theology and social philosophy. He detects that ole debbil self-indulgence lurking in the wings of those lovable love-ins and diagnoses a touch of the ancient Adamite heresy. The hippies are trying to forget about original sin and it may go hard with them hereafter. . . . **Ferdinand Mount,** the English journalist and novelist, flies blind into the smog surrounding the billion-dollar future of the U.S. supersonic transport. Will this cacophonous gargantua ever get off the ground and will its superbang shatter your eardrums? . . . . **John D. Kirwan** files a special report from his Newark doorstep on the riots as seen not by an intrepid reporter, but by the acute citizen. It seems to have been a bizarre mingling of looting, armored cars and normal daily life. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** amid the current indignations takes a cool look at the Moynihan Plan for federal subsidies to help Negro families cohere.

➔ Three writers scan the allegedly unscannable Orient this week. **James Burnham** reviews Britain's plan for cutting defense commitments in the Far East and concludes that freedom ought to abhor a vacuum and that ergo the United States will be reluctantly sucked into the Indian Ocean. . . . **Alec Waugh** recalls the flavor of pre-Nasserwar Aden and of its preferred drug, *Khat* (you can grow it yourself). . . . **Freda Utley** points out how as a consequence of the Mideast imbroglio Russia is quietly acquiring that warm-water port she has so long sought. What are the dangers of letting the Arabs drift further into Soviet clutches? . . . . **Russell Kirk,** proud father of Monica Rachel Kirk, thumbs through the latest student journals and is cheered by their intelligent conservatism. . . . **Frank S. Meyer** draws attention to the rapidly deteriorating U.S.-USSR military balance and calls for a sharp spurt from the Pentagon. . . . **John Brennan** reveals how non-news is made.

➔ With ferocious wit, **Guy Davenport** demolishes *Time*'s cover story on poetry. But fear not. The state of American poetry is extremely diverse, bouncing and healthy. Only thing is, the people don't know it, *Time* Magazine won't get them any forrarder and poets still starve. . . . **Ferdinand Mount** pays his respects to Grandfather Toynbee's tales of history and historians which recall a dying race of eggheads. . . . **J. Bernard Burnham** urges everyone to read Maj. Gen. Carl von Horn's book. Von Horn was the UN's man in the Congo, Gaza and Yemen. Yemen proved too much. He quit. . . . **Thomas Molnar** endorses an exposé of the present turmoil in the Catholic Church which claims that the progressives are merely old rebels in modern dress. But the exposé does not expose who introduced the Trojan Horse into the City of God in the first place. . . . **Joan Zola** takes apart a coffee-table tome from a Yale Professor (no less) which purports to describe the birth of Europe. The spelling and punctuation aren't too good apparently and the book won't help either the specialist or the general reader . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** dissects the magic mathematics of Brahms as displayed in a fine new recording, throws out a few lively comparisons with Stravinsky and has a few pungent and far from random words to say about the work of Mr. John Cage. ➔

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (July 25)
POLYBIUS, THE HISTORIES, VI:

The mob, habituated to feed at the expense of others, and to have its hopes of a livelihood in the property of its neighbors, as soon as it has got a leader sufficiently ambitious and daring, being excluded by poverty from the sweets of civil honor, produces a reign of mere violence.

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LETTERS

Reagan Restated

Seriously, some comment on your "Labor Jottings" editorial (July 25).

1. It is absolutely untrue that Governor Reagan favored repeal of 14(b). His stand was "unalterably opposed" to repeal of 14(b) and opposed to a RTW (right to work) law (anti-*compulsory* union shop) for California. The latter bit was hard to equate with his long-standing opposition to compulsory unionism *on principle.*

There is a great deal of evidence to dispute the statement that Senator Knowland was defeated largely on his stand on RTW, including an admission by the candidate himself that he would have been beaten under any circumstances, regardless of issue. Quite frankly, the concept that RTW caused the GOP troubles in 1958 is purely the figment of Mr. Bliss's imagination and his excuse for his failure in Ohio. The GOP lost by a landslide in 1958 everywhere, whether RTW was on the ballot or not.

2. Re the AFL-CIO "Kraft" survey. As you know this isn't anything new. If 75 per cent of the members oppose a tax increase and 75 per cent oppose open housing, shouldn't the leadership state this feeling to Congress rather than its own personal opinions? (Same thing re 14[b] and other labor issues.)

Washington, D.C. HUGH C. NEWTON

Senator Dodd

The picture of Thomas Dodd on the cover of NATIONAL REVIEW July 11 and the clear fair articles on him are most comforting to those of us who believe in justice.

Boston, Mass. ANNA E. SPILLANE

I take exception to your attempts to exonerate Senator Thomas Dodd of all charges for which he was censured by the big majority of his Senate colleagues: this with the full knowledge that you will not answer, print, or pay any attention to an old subscriber.

In your "Dodd and Mammon" [July 12] by Ferdinand Mount, I wish only to refer to one misstatement and that is in the last paragraph of the article, which in its inaccuracy surprises me that NATIONAL REVIEW should print with no editorial corrections of truth.

"Senator Thomas Dodd was charged with breaking nonexistent laws. He did not receive due process." Such statements are preposterous as he was charged with unethical practices in allocation of funds solicited as campaign donations for a senator, not personal contributions to his bank account. Whatever the excuse-twisting and the sad condition of his personal finances, the big majority of senators who voted against him considered him not stupid, but unethical. By inference, the very few supporting senators approved his actions and would do the same thing if caught in the similar circumstances.

Fort Lauderdale, Fla. HENRY B. SAVAGE

Whether it was a law or an ethical code that Senator Dodd was charged with breaking, it was certainly nonexistent at the time. Otherwise why should the Senate Ethics Committee now be drafting one? —ED.

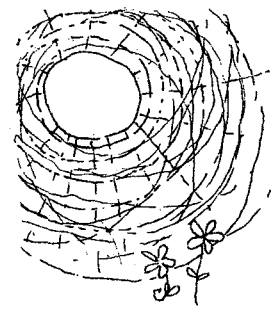
YR Convention: Another View

I would like to bring to your attention certain factual inaccuracies appearing in Mr. Neal Freeman's article on the YR national convention (July 11).

1. The article states that Mr. Betts "began [his] campaign [for chairman] at the convention." In fact, Mr. Betts traveled many thousands of miles over a long period prior to the convention seeking to win votes.

2. The address by Minnesota Lt. Gov. James Goetz was not a "luncheon" address; it was delivered to the floor of the convention in formal session.

3. The article states that there was an attempt by the New Jersey state chairman to "ram his own slate of delegates



through the Credentials Committee"; in fact, the crucial test on this issue occurred not in the Credentials Committee, but on the floor of the convention where the convention itself voted on the seating of delegates.

4. The implication that Ray Bliss was pleased with convention results is erroneous; he backed all of the provisions of the Meade Alcorn Report which were, with one exception, rejected by the convention.

5. The statement that "a Presidential poll was taken among the delegates" is inaccurate. The delegations were never polled respecting Presidential preferences. This is evidenced by the fact that the purported "poll" figures cited in the article show a total "vote" cast of 343 (plus "a scattering"), whereas there were over 600 delegates at the convention. Moreover, I was a delegate and, in words reminiscent of 1964, "nobody polled me."

New York, N.Y. WILLIAM H. NICKERSON

A Reply

It is always a pleasure to hear from Mr. Nickerson, who for those interested in dark associations is the brother of Bobby Kennedy's favorite gubernatorial candidate, Eugene Nickerson—a pleasure even when his letters are littered with factual inaccuracies. To wit,

1. Mr. Betts may have traveled a zillion miles, but he began his campaign —in the serious sense of building a majority coalition—at the convention. Late in the convention. Perhaps the election results suffice to make the point.

2. Mr. Goetz' press contact identified the speech to us media types as a "luncheon address," without specifying whether it preceded or succeeded the tomato juice.

3. The New Jersey chairman tried to ram his slate through the Credentials Committee. Failing there, he tried the appellate process: convention floor, mimeograph machine, Evans and Novak.

4. If Mr. Nickerson is implying that Mr. Bliss was *displeased* with the results—and Mr. Nickerson has some hard report to that effect—we would all be richer for hearing it.

5. We have, in addition to my own, the word of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post,* that the delegates were polled. Perhaps Mr. Nickerson was out to lunch with Mr. Goetz.

New York, N.Y. NEAL B. FREEMAN

A Quantum of Fuss

What, pray tell, is a quantum jump?

This phrase has annoyed me for years, and I was most displeased to see it appear in my favorite journal. I am well aware that the expression is commonly used to indicate an upward change in the order of magnitude of whatever phenomenon interests the user, but this is not the meaning of quantum. A portion jump? A jump of a portion? A jump of the element unit of energy? An elemental unit of energy jump? The physicists would be aghast.

Quantum sufficit.

Lawrence, Kan. TERRENCE J. MCGHEE

Webster recognizes the use of "quantum" meaning "large quantity." The OED does

(Continued on p. 870)

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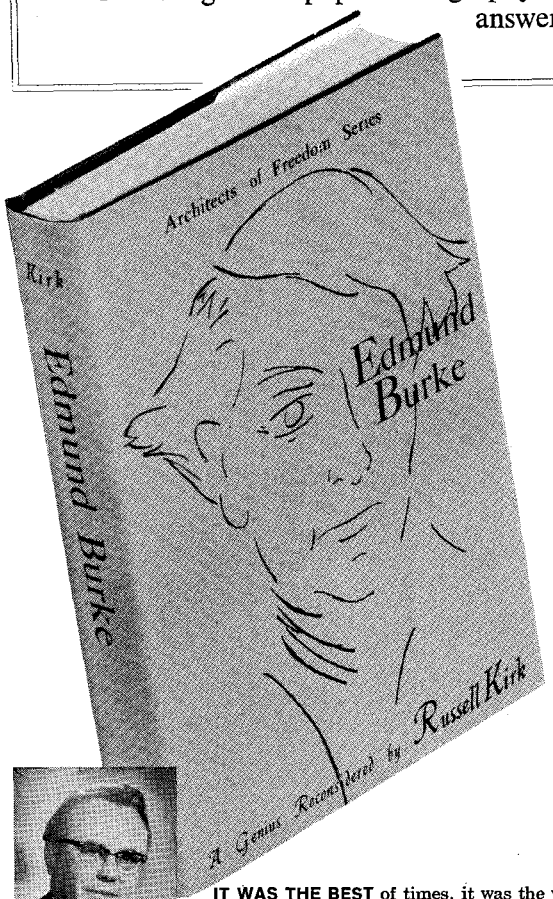

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The votaries of Revolution — Mirabeau and Tom Paine and even Charles Fox — went to Burke, now in the twilight of his great career. Surely he would bless their cause. His enlightened sentiments were well known.

But they did not understand their Burke. He had never been a revolutionist. He saw the canyon that divides revolution and reform. He saw the wreckers for what they were, and he resolved to give his last years to unmasking the Enlightened who cultivated Progress with the guillotine, who chose as their Goddess of Reason a whore — and crowned her in the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Today we must endure the sound of national leaders likening the American Revolution to the Russian, or to the obscenities in Africa. *Burke heard the same cant comparing the French and American Revolutions, and he withered it with an eloquence that will make your heart sing out.*

Philosopher, Man of Action

Burke studied law but found that the law did not give full scope to his talents. Drawn to public affairs, he wrote speeches for politicians, a philosophical work on esthetic theory, and a defense of traditional Christianity.

Burke never shrank from an unpopular cause. He pleaded for generous treatment of Canada and Ireland. He spoke out against the British East India Company, almost singlehanded brought off the historic impeachment of Hastings — knowing well that he was taking on the Crown of England.

The French Revolution was the moment of truth. Here Burke — advocate of peace in America, Ireland, India, Canada — called for war: not simply in defense of his country, but for the survival of Western civilization.

Friend of America

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The WEEK

● Reviewing a book for the *New York Times* recently, Professor Henry Steele Commager of Amherst observed: "We had been allied with the Soviet Union and China, and in one of the most remarkable shifts in history *we managed to maneuver ourselves into enmity with these* . . ." The reference is presumably to the anti-Communists who penetrated our State Department.

● Even a billion gallons of water a day are probably not enough to cool the Arab-Israeli conflict, but they might keep the flames down to a more manageable level. That much water for the dry earth from the Suez Canal through Israel, Jordan to Syria, would be the outcome of a project devised by Lewis Strauss, former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, and now enthusiastically sponsored by former President Dwight Eisenhower. The "Eisenhower Plan" proposes construction of three huge nuclear plants to desalt sea water and simultaneously produce electricity. The billion-gallon-daily water supply would be nearly three times that of the Jordan River and all its tributaries, which in these desert regions has inevitably been a principal root of Arab-Israeli contention. The water, like the power, would be shared equitably among the nations of the region, and through the transformation of the arid soil would, among other possibilities, permit solution of the refugee problem. Mr. Strauss suggests an international corporation modeled after Comsat, with the plants operated under the International Atomic Energy Agency, to which all the local nations as well as the major nations that would have to provide most of the financing and technical personnel already belong. He contends that the project is economically as well as technically feasible, and points out that its cost would equal only a year's budget for the U.S. moon program ($4-$5 billion). It all sounds too sensible to come true.

● Five long, long weeks later, the United Nations General Assembly gave up on the Middle East and voted to dump the problem back on the Security Council. What had been accomplished? The Russians had been thwarted at every turn. The Arabs started and continued furious. De Gaulle made a grandstand play that proved nothing. The Latin Americans got what mediators usually get, a kick in the pants. The so-called Third World dissolved into a dozen cliques and factions. The United States was generally credited with a win—but did its best to play it down so as not to embarrass the Russians or anger the Arabs. Israel, the butt of 99 per cent of the hostile oratory, ended where she started, in control of the Holy City, the west bank of the Jordan and much of Egypt's, Jordan's and Syria's military hardware. Proof if it is once again needed that while the United Nations may have its uses, and does, it is an inadequate instrument for settling disputes in which, as Abba Eban put it, two or more powers disagree with one another.

● There's no xenophobe like an old xenophobe. General de Gaulle's call for the "liberation" of Quebec during a visit to celebrate the centenary of the confederation of French and English Canada was extraordinary even for this veteran in the gentle art of making enemies. Recent Gaullist goads: He denounced Israel as the Mideast aggressor, blamed the war on the "domineering and conflicting ambitions of Washington, Moscow and Peking," repeated his hostility to Britain's entry into the Common Market, drove other EEC nations crazy with frustration, offended his neutralist hosts by using his Cambodian visit as a platform for a Vietnik splurge. But there is no French colony too tiny for de Gaulle to visit and to flatter, no manifestation of Frenchness too obscure to be celebrated in ponderous paean. The General is perfectly free to tell the codfishermen of St. Pierre and Miquelon (92 square miles of rock) that "thanks to you, French influence is felt in Canada and the United States." This is harmless hyperbole. But when he shouts *"Vive Québec libre! Vive le Canada français,"* his hosts have every right to be furious at such childish bad manners, even to expel the *vieillard terrible* as a foreign agitator. Prime Minister Pearson reminded him that Canadians do not need to be liberated. Both the Canadian and the French press upbraided him. Even those who once saw de Gaulle's foreign policy as a brilliant reappraisal of modern geopolitics and as a catalyst for a moderating third world must now be wondering if they have not been taken in by a crazy mixed-up old chauvinist.

● Tragedy or farce—the Rhodesian drama looks destined for an even longer run. Lord Alport, Britain's former High Commissioner to the old Central African Federation, was sent out to Rhodesia by Harold Wilson to reconnoiter. After three weeks of viewsgathering, Alport concluded that most white Rhodesians wanted an honorable negotiated settlement. Wilson then reopened bargaining by instructing Governor Sir Humphrey Gibbs to discuss with Ian Smith a few details of the proposed constitution on which Wilson and Smith so nearly agreed on HMS *Tiger* last December. Such apparent peace overtures should be read against the fact that Mr. Smith's Constitutional Commission is due to report next month and is likely to recommend that

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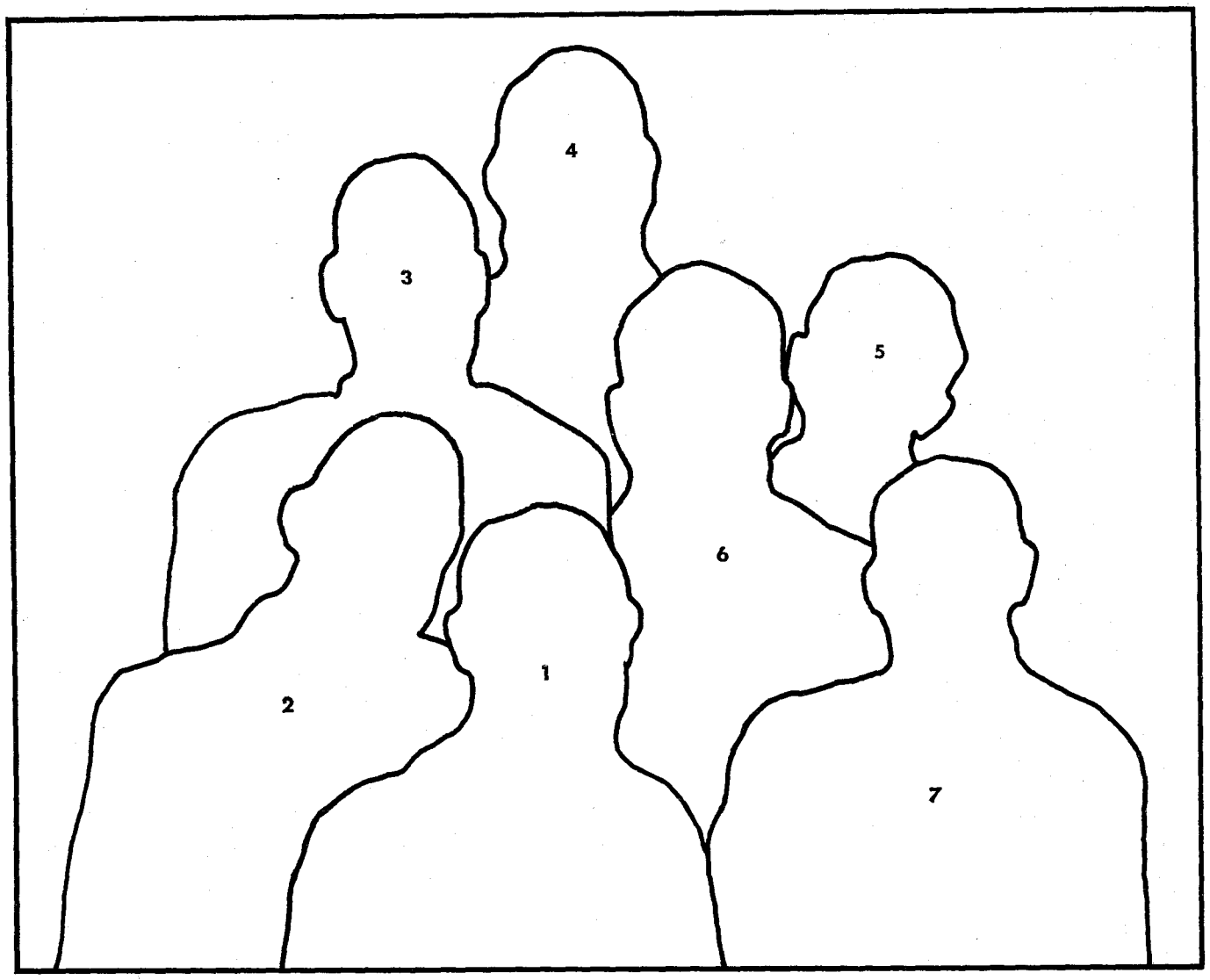

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Rhodesia become a republic—a humiliation for Britain. Also new segregation laws make it look as if Smith is increasingly attracted to South African apartheid. Britain's economic sanctions are of course still having only a minor effect. At least nine nations, including the U.S., have actually increased their trade with Rhodesia. Mr. Smith is printing his own banknotes. The government found no need to raise taxes in its latest budget. On the debit side, news censorship and detention without trial continue unabashed. If Britain is ever to achieve a settlement with this remarkably healthy albatross, she will have to move fast and make concessions which are bound to infuriate black Africa.

● The fire next time, according to Rep. Craig Hosmer (R., Cal.), is likely to be fueled by U.S. Government forms and records. Citing a congressional committee study of federal paper work, the California congressman estimates that it requires 360,000 different forms, printed, duplicated and multiplied in fifteen billion copies, to operate the government every year. Further statisticizing, Hosmer says that government records now take up approximately 25 million cubic feet of storage space, with added handling and shuffling costs of nearly $8 billion annually. Add a billion-and-a-half, give or take a million, for federal letter-writing, each salutation costing the taxpayer $1.50. And finally, as a figurative climax, if a quick-fingered conservative firebug were given a free hand to burn a page of government paper a second, it would take 2,000 years, give or take another Hundred Days.

● Kenneth Rexroth, the poet and critic who is Big Chief Literrateur to Bohemia, West Coast Division, neatly displays the fate of the liberal who treads an independent line. Mr. Rexroth was recently in Rome, where the commotion is over the new book by Jacques Maritain, *The Peasant of the Garonne* (reviewed in *NR*, June 27, 1967). The book is anti-modernist, with the result that Maritain, who for years has been acknowledged as a progressive and a learned theologian venerated in such citadels of liberalism as Princeton University, is now demoted by Rexroth into "a fashionable religious journalist who in his 87th year finds himself no longer fashionable," and his book dismissed as "an embittered diatribe."

● In 1965, the latest year for which full statistics are available, Great Britain earned $173 million on investments in South Africa, and the United States $101 million. These two nations accounted together for 70 per cent of new foreign investment in South Africa. British investment now totals $2,835 million. In releasing these figures on May 11, the spokesman for the UN's subcommission on apartheid remarked lugubriously: "By the yardstick of earnings on foreign investments, the attraction of South Africa to foreign investors is quite understandable."

● Latest effusion of the Free University of New York is a glossy magazine accurately entitled *Treason*. Sample quotes: "The American empire . . . is even more brutal than the one which Hitler tried to establish. . . It has the blessings of traditional anti-Communism and the advantages of the most refined techniques of torture and annihilation." Other spicy reading for the barricades—a reprint of Che Guevara's message to the Tri-Continental Congress, a call to support the NLF and the DRV and a sitrep from an anonymous Peruvian Communist guerrilla.

● Onward and (especially) upward with the Welfare State: By the time this reaches print, the House Ways and Means Committee will have finished redecorating President Johnson's Social Security proposals. It appears that benefits will be raised across the board by 12 or 13 per cent (instead of the 15 per cent sought by the Administration), the first $7,800 of everyone's earnings will be taxable (present base is $6,600), and the tax, shared equally by employer and employee, will rise from the present 8.8 per cent to 9.2 per cent next year. The Administration, by the way, had asked for a 9 per cent tax; the Committee raised that figure and trimmed the benefit increase to allow for "underestimates" in the cost of Medicare. The upshot? You now pay a maximum of $290 per year into Social Security; next year you will pay a maximum of $359. Excelsior.

● The *American Economic Review* has now published the papers and proceedings of the 79th annual meeting of the American Economic Associa-

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Courtesy Call

He came, he said, to bid *bonjour*
To Expo's glittering allure.
He visited Quebec and said
Some words about the honored dead . . .
The dead, you understand, who died
Defending Louis XIV's pride.
Then, as he marched toward Montreal
(You guessed his name is Charles de Gaulle?)
Temptation overwhelmed him so,
He cheered the ancient status quo—
A time historians define
As royal France: pre-'59.
If provinces can be annexed
By vivats and a Gaullic text,
Louisiana may be next.

W. H. VON DREELE

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In the Next Issue

Case History of a Riot
by Saul S. Friedman

tion. Among the papers is a fascinating study of military manpower procurement (papers and comments from eight economists) whence it appears that the Council for a Volunteer Military is not operating exclusively *ex nihilo*. E.g.: "In 1963 had there not been a draft the estimated Army enlistment rate would have been 3.6 per cent and the pay elasticity at that rate would have been 1.17; i.e. 10 per cent change in military pay (civilian earnings held constant) would have increased Army enlistment by 11.7 per cent. . . . Our best estimates of the costs of recruiting an all-volunteer force in the mid-1970s ranged from $5.4 to $8.3 billion, depending on the level of unemployment." And: "The military payroll under a draft will be lower. However, the conscription of military personnel simply substitutes implicit taxes levied on reluctant service participants for explicit taxes on all citizens to finance the higher payroll of a voluntary force. The real economic cost of maintaining a large defense establishment is partially concealed since these implicit taxes never appear in the defense budget."

● Louis Heren, respected Washington correspondent of the London *Times,* points out that the Senate did not debate Vietnam before U.S. troops were committed. Nor did it discuss the war in the Middle East. "Even a great and prosperous newspaper such as the *New York Times* has only three or four correspondents regularly covering Congress. It probably has more correspondents in Africa than in the Capitol. No American newspaper I read publishes a daily congressional report except on special occasions . . . anything more than spasmodic press interest in Congress is unusual. The American Press has gone to where the power lies, to Washington, to the White House, the State Department and the Pentagon."

● We're not sure what it all means, but there it is: seemingly a general move away from the word "liberal" as a honeyed political label. We have caught such writers as Tom Wicker and the ghosts at *Newsweek* using, instead, "libertarian" when they seem to mean "liberal" in the ADA sense. And not long ago President Tito of Yugoslavia lashed out against "liberal" elements in the Communist Party. "Liberalism and democracy," he said, "are different things. . . . We have no right to be liberal toward those who hinder our development. . . ." And, writing from Moscow, *Times* reporter Raymond Anderson discusses the "conservatives" who urged the literary journal *Novy Mir* not to publicize the past mistakes of Communist leadership, while the editors of the "liberal" journal went ahead and depicted the shortcomings of Soviet society. F. A. Hayek, wondering in the *Constitution of Liberty* what labels he should choose for his political philosophy, rejects "libertarian" because it is "awkward," sadly abandons "liberal" because of its recent bad company, and decides to call himself an Old Whig. Milton Friedman insists on "liberal" in the classic sense. Maybe, if Washington and Belgrade and Moscow give up on the word, we can have it back again for ourselves. It means freedom-loving, you know.

The Permanent Insurrection

Since riots, looting, arson, and insurrection are becoming part of the American way of life, it is advisable to begin thinking more seriously about what we are up against. It is no longer possible to kid ourselves with the hope that bussing a few thousand black children to white schools, adopting open housing laws, and filling the pork barrel with anti-poverty dollars will induce our peculiar problem to fade away. What we confront is not a skirmish or battle that we might win and get over with, but a long siege with no end in sight. We'll somehow have to adjust to siege conditions. A few preliminary notes for an estimate of the situation.

1) *Tactics.* Methods for dealing with riots, mobs and urban anarchy have been carefully studied since the time of the French Revolution by both those who incite such acts and those who seek to stop them. The tactics of the police and troops in these recent encounters, especially in the major battles of Newark and Detroit, indicate that our security forces are not adequately prepared in doctrine, training or equipment. The National Guard and the Army, as well as the police forces and FBI, are going to have to make urban riot control a high priority assignment. Sending in a raw militia to spray building fronts with rifle fire is not likely to be the most effective method. There will have to be, to begin with, highly trained cadres, able to provide leadership and backbone, throughout all the security units.

The speediest possible reaction before big trouble starts is usually the wisest, and if speedy enough can often abort the big trouble. This means much better intelligence, better communications, and a clearer understanding on the part of the responsible authorities (mayors, governors and the President)

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ It was Captive Nations Week (July 16-23), though to read the Presidential notice of same, you wouldn't have known it unless you already knew it. Which, in any event or reluctant proclamation thereof, was pretty much where the Johnson State Dept. wanted the matter to rest. Since the early Sixties, the busy-busy bridge-builders at State, between periodic sappings by their irrepressible partners in détente, have longed to scrap the whole pejorative concept of "Captive Nations" as a rather socially embarrassing semantic hangover from the unsophisticated Cold War era (remember the unsophisticated Cold War?). Unable to accomplish this, in light of a congressional mandate on the subject, canny State draftsmen have done the next best thing, emasculating the Presidential Captive Nations proclamation so that this year, to all verbal intent and purpose, it might easily have been submitted and found mutually acceptable as a joint Johnson-Kosygin draft statement following the invocation of the spirit of Glassboro. Eliminated from the 1967 proclamation was any mention of C-------m or S----t imperialism, along with any other specific reference to the historical circumstances which led to the original commemorative resolution in 1959 (remember Lithuania? Latvia? Estonia?). Rep. John Ashbrook (R., Ohio) does remember such things, however. Recalling the Eisenhower proclamation of eight years ago, he noted its concern for the right to independence of those nations "made captive by the imperialistic and aggressive policies of Soviet Communism." By comparison, this year's proclamation, rendered in the melted moral rhetoric of the thaw, makes bold to assert that "freedom and justice are basic human rights" which have been "circumscribed or denied in many areas of the world." Period. Meanwhile, says Rep. Ashbrook, despite such diplomatic delicacy, "over 11,000 American servicemen have lost their lives" in Vietnam, all because, as the Secretary of State himself told newsmen July 19, "the basic objective of the Soviet Union continues to be to support world revolution." Obviously, it's all right to spell it out every now and then. Just so nobody puts it in writing.

◆ What continues to upset other Capitol Hill spokesmen with memories long enough to be bothered by recent casualty reports is the practical application of this split standard to Administration trade policies toward Eastern bloc nations. That, after all, is the stone and girder of the President's East-West bridge-building, not to mention, as Sen. Peter Dominick (R., Colo.) did in a floor speech last week, the airborne communications equipment, the electronic computer parts, the pyrotechnical rocket engines, the transmitter radio beacons, the propeller blades, the gun wadding, the rifle-cleaning compounds and similar "non-strategic commodities" approved by the White House for export to the Soviet Union and other Eastern European countries. "We have licensed airborne communications equipment to Soviet Russia, and Soviet MiG fighters are in combat against our Air Force in Vietnam," Dominick declared. "Are these enemy fighters equipped with our own communications instruments?" The Colorado Senator also reached back into the practically prehistoric era of the First Thaw, 1941-45, to point out that the Soviets have yet to settle their lend-lease credit account, including the matter of some 133 U.S. ships delivered over to our Great and Good Ally during WWII. There is evidence that some of these ships are used to transport goods to North Vietnam.

◆ Chalk one up, at least temporarily, for Congresswoman Catherine May (R., Wash.), who led the House attack on prospective Soviet bidding to supply turbine generators for the Grand Coulee dam. Only U.S. bids will be considered on the first three generators, Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall finally announced, after Mrs. May, whose Yakima district takes in the dam site, and others objected to an original bridge-building proposal that would have given Russian technological industry entry into green propaganda pastures. There remain, however, six additional turbine generators, to be supplied in the next few years, and Udall left open the possibility of worldwide (including Soviet) bidding on these, the Administration apparently feeling that sufficient unto the day is the national self-interest thereof. The Soviets took it all very badly. It was, said *Izvestia*, nothing more than a "political decision" designed to "prevent the hammer and sickle" from flying over Grand Coulee. It is a measure of the current Soviet impression of U.S. good sense that they published this as an accusation.

—CATO

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of what we are dealing with. Good intelligence will be impossible without agents present in the potential battle zones and infiltrated into the revolutionary organizations.

Many Detroiters both black and white insist that by stopping the first, rather minor, outbreak of looting the police would probably have forestalled the mass looting and arson that followed when it was observed that nothing happened to the pioneers. The failure here was at the policy level. Mayor Cavanagh and Governor Romney had laid down the permissive line on the fatuous theory that firm action would arouse resentment and incite the mob. The President's delay in ordering the federal troops into action was also costly.

It is easier to prevent mobs forming than to deal with them when formed. There are well known methods to inhibit mob formation, but these were not used. The arsenal of weapons and equipment needs re-examination. European experience has shown the utility of the special neo-fire engines able to throw very high pressure streams of water. Tear gas and

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other types of non-lethal disabling gases are often more suitable than guns. Helicopters might be useful in combating sniper fire from rooftops and upper stories as well as for reconnaissance and surveillance.

One has the impression that insufficient thought has been given to the tactical movements to be employed in entering battle areas, cordoning off buildings and blocks, etc. Presumably, unless we want some of our cities burned altogether to the ground, we must devise ways of furnishing protection to firemen.

These, and other like these, are practical problems that are not beyond solution. But they won't be solved unless they are seen to be relevant and urgent.

2) *Law.* The drawn-out, permissive, all-forgiving, super-civil rights sort of legal process to which we have become accustomed won't serve in this kind of combat. Legal action must be firm and quick, and if that isn't possible under our present laws then the laws will have to be changed. If necessary there will have to be more reliance on declarations of states of emergency and martial law. We face a situation, plainly, where the claims of the responsible citizens—including in the first instance the responsible Negro citizens, who are the primary victims—and the claims of society take precedence over the coddling of outlaws. (The general practice has been to arrest a thousand or so in the action, and to let them go—ready for the fire next time—when the town cools off. For what happened after Watts, see box below.)

Watts: The Court Record

Arrested:	3,371
Convicted (probation or fine):	1,308
Convicted (prison):	730
9-12 months:	7
7-12 months:	7
6- 9 months:	22
3- 6 months:	138
1- 3 months:	196
1 month or less	360

It is time, one would think, to curtail the freedom of the Stokely Carmichaels and Rap Browns to incite the continuing insurrection, and of the revolutionary workshops to prepare its fire bombs, assemble its arms, and train its activists.

We doubt, however, that the proposed federal anti-riot bill will serve much purpose. The constitutionality of its vaguely worded provisions is doubtful; if constitutional they would be a questionable usurpation of state authority and almost impossible to enforce. It would not be easy to prove the prohibited "intent to incite to riot." Most states have fairly solid laws against riots, arson and looting on their books; the need is to enforce them.

3) *Goal.* For its "solution of the racial problem" the nation—though with the doubts of not a few of its citizens—committed itself some years ago to "integration," and has modified its laws, official regulations and governmental pressures toward that end. This summer's riots and insurrections, coming as episodes in a continuing series stretching some years back and destined to extend into the future, suggest the need to re-examine the meaning of "integration," at least, and perhaps to reconsider its validity.

The conclusion of New Jersey Governor Hughes, Detroit Mayor Cavanagh and California Governor Reagan that these affairs have been the expression merely of lawlessness, delinquency and viciousness is inadequate. Most of the participants have undoubtedly been drawn into the actions by lawless, delinquent or vicious impulses. But most of the activist leaders, local, national and international, are not mere lawbreakers. Their cry of "Black Power," however confused in content so far to them as well as to the rest of us, is a revolutionary summons. The movement they are riding as much as leading is a radical offspring of the older "civil rights movement" based now not on the Negro community as a whole, but on the Negro lumpenproletariat, the drifting sub-class of the Negro millions dumped by the agricultural revolution into our northern cities. The Black Power movement has a political core, however amorphous, and this political core is of course racist: that is, irreconcilable with the goal and ideal of integration. Maturing into systematic doctrine, Black Power, unless it went all the way to a program for exterminating all whites—as some of its advocates propose—can mean only a regime of apartheid, however different in inspiration and detail from the South African model.

Apartheid has long been, for Americans, unthinkable. But now it is Carmichael and Brown and the Newark Black Power conference that compel us to think of it. If integration is an *impossible* goal, if neither blacks nor whites will accept it no matter what the law, then it will prove disastrous to chart our course by it. Is it conceivable that we should relax the effort to achieve all-sided integration in order to concentrate on the two most specific and in the end determining objectives—freedom of economic

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opportunity and equality of political rights? Or that a division should be made, with integration kept as a voluntary directive for those members of both races who wish it, but separate development projected and deliberately aided for those who decline integration?

4) *Economics.* Consider, too, the following consequences. Within those urban areas that have been the scenes of this latest violence (or are likely to be of tomorrow's) property insurance will become almost impossible to get. How can a responsible insurance agency insure property so clearly subject to arson and looting? And what bank will issue mortgages? Will it not take a most hardy merchant, even if he could get mortgage and insurance, to rent a shop or factory and stock it with goods exposed to hazards such as these? Or build a dwelling? Economically the Black Power movement behaves like the self-immolating Saigon monks.

5) *The 1968 election.* The political consequences may prove similar to the economic. The pros draw the almost self-evident conclusion: that each of the violent eruptions in the cities means only more thousands of 1968 votes for George Wallace.

Who Won the Missile Confrontation?

Vice President Humphrey is said to be among those spreading a rumor that President Johnson, at the Glassboro meeting, persuaded Premier Kosygin to warn Fidel Castro against the further exporting of revolution. The rumor, and whatever of the Glassboro exchange may have sparked it, must have given Messrs. Kosygin and Castro a guffaw when they met a few days later in Havana.

The Kremlin continues to be Fidel Castro's paymaster, at the rate of nearly $400 million a year. Very prominent on the agenda of the Kosygin-Castro get-together was the topic of the Latin American Solidarity Organization, which is assembling in Havana July 31-August 8 to review the progress made in extending the Latin American revolution since LASO's founding at the Tri-Continental Congress of January 1966. Granted that Castro is not choosy in seeking revolutionary backing. He is ready to work with Peking and Hanoi as well as Moscow, and Kosygin may have pressed him to stick closer to the old-fashioned line. But it is Moscow, not Peking or Hanoi or Zanzibar, that bakes Castro's bread, if it doesn't butter it; Moscow that makes possible the imports essential to Cuba's economy; and Moscow that puts up the money and much of the skilled staff for Cuba's revolutionary export industry.

Intelligence sources estimate that Castro is now spending the equivalent of more than a million dollars a month on underground and guerrilla movements in Latin America. Castro-linked operations on one scale or another are proceeding in nearly every Latin American country. In Guatemala, Venezuela, Colombia and most recently Bolivia they have been raised to a terrorist and guerrilla level. On July 19 the Mexican authorities arrested thirteen Cuban-trained operatives on charges of plotting to overthrow the government and establish a "popular Socialist regime." Their organization had just moved from the training and recruitment stage, to begin overt action with the dynamiting of a truck. The guerrillas active in southeastern Bolivia, near the Argentine border, include Brazilians, Argentinians and Peruvians. It is said that they were trained, and led in their first operations, by Che Guevara, who disappeared from Cuba two years ago, and that Guevara is in over-all command of the entire South American front. Although Guevara's presence has not been confirmed (CIA believes him to be dead), there is no doubt about Havana's being the active center of the Latin American revolution.

In his recent NBC telecast, Nikita Khrushchev claimed, in effect, what many of us have suspected: that he in truth, not John Kennedy, was the winner of the 1962 missile confrontation. In return for his withdrawal of the Soviet missiles from Cuba, he got President Kennedy's pledge that the U.S. would not interfere with Fidel Castro's regime in Cuba. "If rockets had not been installed, would there be a Cuba now? No, it would have been wiped out. We took our rockets and bombers away in exchange for President Kennedy's promise not to invade Cuba." By the present looks of things in Latin America, it was not a bad bargain by Bolshevik accounting.

All At Sea

On the first anniversary of Harold Wilson's draconian measures to keep the British economy afloat, it was announced that unemployment had reached its highest level for July since 1940. Hopes of a surplus on this year's balance of payments are fading fast. The production index—an unreliable but revered omen—is sliding. Consequently the pound sterling has weakened somewhat. And Labor MPs are extremely restive at the government's failure to carry out its ambitious welfare programs. Seventy of them have espoused the fashionable remedy of devaluation of the pound as a means to "advance towards Socialism in the nineteen-seventies." But Wilson is more likely to attack the evergrowing colossus of public spending. Each Minister rushes to swear that at any rate *his* department will not be affected by budget cuts. Pensions Minister Peggy Herbison has even resigned—because she felt that she was not being allowed to get on with remolding the social security structure. Education Minister Tony Crosland is credited with starting a movement to dethrone the reigning economic orthodoxy and perhaps even the reigning Prime Minister. ➔

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Last year the government claimed that its wage-price freeze, tax hikes, and severe restrictions on credit and government expenditure had brought Britain "back on course again." Now it appears that the storm-tossed economy is once more adrift. Before coming to power, Wilson had always claimed that Britain's problems could never be solved by monetary measures alone, that there would have to be a complete overhaul of industry to promote investment and individual incentives. Events have proved him right. For unfortunately, as Prime Minister, he has used only the traditional treasury weapons for fiscal and monetary control and moreover used them clumsily.

Opposition leader Ted Heath has pressed this political advantage with calls for lower taxes and more incentives. A popular cry, but many economists doubt just how practicable this is with Britain's present load of international debt. Doubtless new remedies are needed for the old intractable problems of Britain's declining efficiency relative to other industrial nations. But the cupboards are bare of panaceas.

The End of Moise Tshombe

Who is raising a hand to save Moise Tshombe? Well, Mrs. Tshombe for one. She has come to New York, to do what she can to exert pressure on Gen. Joseph Mobutu to stay the scheduled execution. Tshombe's French lawyer cools his heels in Algeria, denied access to his client. In the United States, a committee to help Tshombe has retained the Chicago attorney Luis Kutner to prepare a habeas corpus petition to present to the United Nations. There were stirrings a fortnight ago from within the Congo, and it was widely assumed that the mercenaries who were loyal to Tshombe were rising up against Mobutu. History has shown that a half-dozen mercenaries are quite enough to topple a typical Congolese government. But these did not apparently want power, merely a little loot, and if they were moved by a loyalty to Tshombe, they did not make that clear.

Tshombe himself, when he rose to receive the verdict of the Algerian court, was thrice cryptic. He said that whatever the decision, he would receive it as becomes "a chief of state." But he is not a chief of state, rather a former chief of state. Then he said that his present plight was the doing of the CIA, a positively unfathomable allegation. And finally, that he was punished for his loyalty to Gen. Charles de Gaulle. (Why would the Algerian government punish someone friendly to de Gaulle, inasmuch as the Algerian government is friendly to de Gaulle?) One suspects that Tshombe's wits were addled. Had he been brainwashed? Tortured?

One would certainly not want to found a church

WORLD OPINION
MILITARY VICTORY
DEBT (AND MORE DEBT)
U.S. ARMED MIGHT
THE GREAT SOCIETY:
"Yes, my darling daughter, hang your clothes on a hickory limb but don't go near the water."

on Algerian justice. It was supposed to determine two questions: The first was whether there are extant treaties between Algeria and the Congo on the basis of which extradition proceedings can be brought. The answer to that question is disturbingly easy, namely No—because at the present moment there are no diplomatic relations between Algeria and the Congo, so that whatever were the extradition agreements that previously obtained, for the moment they are inoperative.

The second question, which could only be asked if the first were answered favorably to the Congolese petitioners, was whether Tshombe had committed non-political and hence extraditable crimes in the Congo. The verdict of the Algerians, prompted of course by the Congolese, was that he had: that he had murdered Patrice Lumumba, stolen money, committed graft, whatever. The court appears simply to have accepted the Congo's bill of particulars, much as the old Jacobin courts would accept as proof anyone's accusations, provided the rhetoric was sufficiently revolutionary, and trundle off the defendant to instant death on the guillotine.

Mobutu promptly announced that Mr. Tshombe would be put to death immediately upon arrival, that there was no need for further legal folderol. Tshombe has already been "tried" in absentia and of course found guilty of every heinous misdeed conjurable in the black imagination of Mobutu. There was no

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defense, no rules of evidence enforced. It was as much a sham as Congolese democracy.

So Tshombe waited to be deported. Even now he may be on his way: indeed for all we know surely, he may be dead at this moment. Whatever delay there has been is probably attributable to certain mechanical difficulties in trans-shipping him to the Congo. How actually does one manage that? One can hardly expect Pan American Airways to schedule an Execution Special from Algiers to Kinshasa. No, the commercial carriers are unlikely to want to furnish their facilities for that grisly mission. And the Congo has no airplanes of its own, at least none that could easily negotiate the long journey from North Africa to Central Africa. They have a couple of Piper Cubs, but whom would they hire to fly them all that way? Charles Lindbergh?

Meanwhile the executioner has the gallows ready. Perhaps there will be a little preliminary ritual. When last spring Tshombe's successor and the three former cabinet members were executed, a reporter discloses (see *NR Bulletin*, July 18, 1967) that their eyes were first poked out—a little Congolese nicety —which is why when they went out into the public square to be hanged, they appeared with black hoods over their heads. That is the fate towards which Tshombe appears certainly to be headed.

Oh yes, there is another plea before the Algerian court which may hold things up for just a bit. Representatives of other African democracies have petitioned Algeria to hold Tshombe pending his trial as an "enemy of the African continent." An interesting crime, and no doubt Algerian justices could be counted on to find Tshombe guilty of it in a matter of moments. But what then? How can Tshombe be executed simultaneously by each and every African state? Perhaps the notion is to execute him on color TV, for the delectation of the entire continent. Perhaps the Ford Foundation will be asked to finance the facilities. The United Nations, which has been so eloquently silent during the entire fiasco, would be an appropriate sponsor.

The Fate of the Pied Piper

The Rat Extermination Bill would have provided a whopping $40 million in matching funds to be given away to the cities over a two-year period to fight rats. Advocates raised the ghoulish specter of mutilated babies. Rep. Martha Griffiths (D., Mich.), recalling the bubonic plague, informed her astonished colleagues that rats had killed more persons in the world than all the generals in history; that rats breed rapidly and have been known to gnaw through four feet of reinforced concrete; and that rats "swish their tails through sewers and brush across the food you eat at night." Rep. Theodore Kupferman (R., N.Y.), noting that aroused House members had just passed the well-intentioned, vaguely-worded anti-riot bill, urged them to vote again "to establish federal supremacy" in yet another area of urban unrest.

However, most Republicans and economy-minded Democrats argued that rat extermination, for gawds-sake, was a local, not federal problem. Rep. James Haley (D., Fla.) suggested that it might be cheaper to "buy a lot of cats and turn them loose." Rep. Delbert Latta (R., Ohio) wondered if "putting out a little bit of rat poison" was "not too much to ask" of the afflicted. Rep. H. R. Gross (R., Iowa) was opposed to creating "a rat corps" presided over by "a high commissioner of rats." "And what about country rats?" he asked, noting the discriminatory feature of the bill. When the roll call finally came, 59 Democrats (including ten Texans and Reps. Hays of Ohio and Stratton of New York) had the temerity to join the majority to vote down a "rat bureaucracy," while 22 mousy Republicans finked out on the GOP leadership. The House refused the bait, 207-176, an action which left the President flabbergasted by the "cruel blow to the poor children of America."

Albert Luthuli, R I P

Chief Albert Luthuli, deaf and partly blind, was killed by a train July 21. Apart from a trip to receive the Nobel Peace Prize in 1964, the South African Government had restricted him to a small area around his home in Zululand for eight years. Luthuli was morally the most impressive of African leaders since the war. When he was elected a Zulu chief, he accepted his responsibilities even though African nationalists denounced all chiefs as government stooges. He used his influence to protest Premier Malan's introduction of apartheid laws and their subsequent extension under Verwoerd. At the same time he never stopped trying to persuade Africans to avoid violence. Black agitators called him an Uncle Tom. White rulers called him a Communist. Even after his banishment, he refused to attack the whites: "I am no racist. South Africa is large enough to accommodate all people if they have large enough hearts." When he led the African National Congress, his tactics to pressure the government were work stoppages and the burning of the compulsory identity cards that Africans considered an indignity. After his enforced retirement from public life, the movement took to sabotage and violence and came under virtual Communist control. Luthuli, a teacher and a devout Christian, epitomized the tradition of moderate African leadership which offered such early hopes and has subsequently been corrupted or destroyed by white suspicion and black extremism.

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ON THE RIGHT

The Great Opportunity of 1965

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Mr. Daniel P. Moynihan is all the more relevant as one broods over the ruins of Detroit and Newark. There is now available an entire book dealing with the subject—it is called *The Moynihan Report and the Politics of Controversy*. The basis of the book is summarized by Mr. Moynihan himself in a special report in *Commentary* Magazine and it is imperative reading for liberals and conservatives alike, to say nothing of those who seek to advance the cause of Negro equality free of the inhibiting shackles of ideological dogma.

Buckley

There are piquant aspects to the *Report*. Mr. Moynihan never admits it, but it is well known that it was he, acting at that time as Assistant Secretary of Labor, who composed the famous speech given by President Johnson at Howard University in June of 1965. The President found himself saying that the whole question of Negro equality was not answered merely by successive civil rights enactments, but by the acknowledgment that the family was the crucial unit in social progress, and that statistics show that the dissolution of the Negro family is a progressive phenomenon. In other words, said Mr. Moynihan through the mouth of the President, the Negro family unit must be helped to cohere, else all the formal equalities bestowed by Congress in the numerous civil rights bills become meaningless.

Mr. Moynihan's proposed solution? Federal subsidies for the Negro families. To be sure, something of the sort exists, but the subsidies are not payable to families whose fathers are in residence. In other words, there is a *de facto* cash premium on the separation of father and mother. True, Mr. Moynihan acknowledges, preferential legislation in favor of Negroes was on his mind. Five to ten billion dollars per year would be required to sustain the program to bring back together separated wives and husbands and to help reverse the atomistic impulses that are driving Negro spouses apart.

"The moment came when," says Mr. Moynihan, understandably enthused by his own proposals, "as it were, the nation had the resources and the leadership and the will to make a total as against a partial commitment to the cause of Negro equality. It did not do so."

Why? Three things happened. The first, on which Mr. Moynihan does not, fortunately, dwell—because as an aristocratic polemicist he disdains the association with the current demagogy that begins every argument by stating that our involvement in Vietnam has stopped progress at all other fronts—was the Vietnam war, which Mr. Moynihan sees as having preoccupied Mr. Johnson beginning in the summer of 1965, leaving him little time for other matters.

Family Subsidies Bumped

The second and perhaps most important was the sudden opposition of prominent liberals, most especially of Negro liberal intellectuals, who discerned in the argumentation of Mr. Moynihan a "subtle racism" whose effect would be to give aid and comfort to an anti-Negro community always seeking rational justification for its sneaking suspicion that Negroes are an inferior race.

Thus for instance Dr. Benjamin F. Payton, a young Negro sociologist and minister associated with the New York Protestant Council, bombed the Moynihan Report and indirectly the Howard speech by identifying its views as the views of a "crypto-racist." The Payton report had the effect of intimidating the Johnson Administration, so that when the White House conference convened at which the Moynihan-Johnson proposals were to be considered, the whole business of family subsidies was wiped clean off the agenda, leaving only the clichés, which were duly ratified, and then, as is usual in such cases, duly forgotten.

The third fact that worked against a serious consideration of Mr. Moynihan's proposals was Watts. Moynihan points out shrewdly that until Watts, the civil rights movement "had been the aggrieved, the just, the righteous cause. In the South an old game had been going on with a new rule, imperfectly understood by whites, that the first side to resort to violence—lost. Now in the North the Negroes have resorted to violence, in a wild, destructive explosion that shattered, probably forever"—Mr. Daniel Patrick Moynihan is an Irishman and is just every now and then given to Gaelic pessimisms—"the image of nonviolent suffering."

The point raised by Mr. Moynihan, an adamant liberal, is that hypersensitive egalitarianism can be the worst enemy of frank discussion of how to move toward effective equality. A conservative can easily discern weaknesses in his macrocosmic dispensation—while still endorsing the general idea, namely, that massive efforts to help the Negro must be made not merely in order retroactively to appease white consciences, but in order realistically to help to achieve desirable results, to ensure that violence in the great cities is not a necessary part of the future of the American summer.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

Sunset

Though many have tried, no one has yet found a convincing explanation for the rise and fall of empires. At an arbitrary moment of history a people suddenly manifests a surge of energy. Explorers, soldiers, adventurers, priests, organizers, merchants, educators burst out across sea and land. As if guided by an intuitively sensed pattern, their myriad journeys, wars, schemings, quarrels, sermons, labors and dreams produce a strategic, political, economic and cultural structure embracing hitherto disparate lands and populations.

Burnham

Then—a generation or a century or at most four or five centuries later—the curve reverses and the cycle is quickly completed. The flag is lowered at the frontier posts. The outriders fall back. The energy dries up. The over-riding structures erodes, cracks and collapses.

What brings this fatal change? Perhaps there is no specific answer; perhaps it is merely that all things human change, that living is only another word for dying.

With Denis Healey's White Paper, July 18, on the withdrawal from "east of Suez," the curtain rises on the final act of the drama of the British Empire—England's empire. It is marvelously appropriate that this concluding scene in the imperial tale, whose prologue resounded with Shakespeare's iambics singing the glories of his green and scept'red isle, should be announced in the bloodless prose of a Fabian bureaucrat.

The withdrawal from Aden, as of June 1968, was decided some while ago. Mr. Healey now states that "we have decided to reach a reduction of about half the forces deployed in Singapore and Malaysia during 1970-1971. . . . We plan to withdraw altogether from our bases in Singapore and Malaysia in the middle 1970s." Strategically, however, an announcement of withdrawal is very nearly equivalent to the act of withdrawing, as Aden has been proving. As soon as it becomes certain that the withdrawal will take place, the neighbors and the major nations must begin adjusting their policies to the new power equation.

Out of the Warm

A generation ago the Indian Ocean was a Western, more particularly a British, lake. Its entire western shore (the east coast of Africa) was held by Britain, along with Portugal and France. Continuing clockwise, the entrance to the Red Sea was controlled by France and Britain; Britain controled southern Arabia and the Persian Gulf, with an assist from America. Then came British India, Ceylon and Malaya. Dutch (plus British, Portuguese and Australian) Indonesia led the completion of the sweep in the British Dominion of Australia. With this final British withdrawal, there will remain in Western hands only Australia, South Africa and the Portuguese remnants, plus a few islands and, possibly, a temporary British leftover in the Persian Gulf. All the rest of the shores of the Afro-Asian sea has been turned over to a medley of weak, divided, unstable "underdeveloped nations." There will exist, there already exists in the Indian Ocean, that is to say, a classic "power vacuum."

The strategic law is as inexorable as the physical: nature abhors a vacuum; power flows into a vacuum. Whose power?

There are only two possibilities, as everyone really knows. None of the peripheral nations has, or will in the foreseeable future have, the power surplus; each is sufficiently hard put to maintain its own existence. France, the Netherlands and Britain have pulled irretrievably out; Portugal is not a serious factor. China is not ready, and is in any case preoccupied. There are only the two great superpowers, Eurasian and American, and neither of these, no matter what its intent might be, will be able to avoid the vacuum's pull.

In truth, the preliminary stages of the Soviet-American struggle for strategic control of the Indian Ocean have for some time been under way. The rapid expansion of the Soviet navy; the Soviet drive for control of the Suez Canal through an Egyptian proxy; the American communication center in Ethiopia; the Indian Ocean cruise, last year, of an American nuclear task force; the intervention of both camps in the contest for Indonesia; the arming by both sides of most of the peripheral nations; the strengthening American alliance with Australia; the Communist conquest of Zanzibar; the African intrigues; the assignment of an American naval squadron and a Polaris group to Indian Ocean waters; the Anglo-American plans for new bases on Indian Ocean islands; the Vietnam war itself, in reality a fight for strategic control of the Southeast Asian peninsula . . . : each may be understood in a number of dimensions, but each is also a maneuver in the developing struggle for the Indian Ocean.

I Don't Want to Play

But, we will be told by Messrs. Fulbright, Lippmann, Kennedy and, possibly, Goldwater and Reagan as our commitments to this struggle mount, we have "no essential interest at stake" in that distant region, "nothing we want"; we are not "a global policeman." The objections may interfere, probably to our injury, with the pace and timing, but they will not alter the intransigent reality. Among nations as among individuals, power *imposes* responsibility. Ours is the most reluctant of empires, but it is nonetheless an empire. It cannot avoid behaving like an empire even when its leaders speak like Boy Scouts, YMCA secretaries or liberal schoolmasters.

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Who Are the Hippies?

Part of the New Left? Parasites? Drug addicts? Cop-haters? Cop-lovers? Love-lovers. . . ? Yes, and what is this thing called love?

WILL HERBERG

The hippie movement, if indeed it can be called a movement, confronts the curious observer as a strange paradox. On the one hand, it is generally held to be part of the New Left, itself a vague conglomerate of youthful and not so youthful malcontents, pronouncing the most frightful imprecations upon our society and culture, and threatening the most ferocious assaults upon things as they are. On the other hand, these hippies appear to be so harmless, so peaceful, so utterly absorbed in love and bongo. Where do they fit into the picture of the New Left?

Who are the hippies, what are they? Most emphatically, they are not to be identified with the old-line beatniks, with whom they may have some tenuous historical connection. They do not have the truculence, the menacing air, the ideological ferocity of the old-line beatnik; they do not congregate in foul dens in the slums. They are the "gentle people," sun worshipers, love-mystics. No, they are not beatniks; but what are they?

The Secessionists

The sociology of the hippies is not yet well understood or sufficiently investigated. But what we do know suggests that they are largely young, though many approaching middle age may be found among them; mostly of good middle-class families, and with some education. They say they cannot stand the constraints, the conventionalities, and the hypocrisies of our society, and so they have determined to secede and establish their own "joy" society in the midst of ours, but inwardly dissociated from it. They are inner *expatriates,* going off to live their authentic lives, not to Paris or the South Seas, but to the sidewalks, parks, and beaches of our big cities, particularly on the West Coast, though we are not without our experience of them in Mayor Lindsay's Fun City as well. They seem to associate in tribes with odd names—the best known of which is perhaps the Oracle Tribe—and they flaunt their tribal banners when they settle down in a park or on a beach. And they have their tribal beads, which they rattle. Their dress is unconventional, but not uniform, as was, or is, the case with the beatniks; one can find them in bathing suits, togas, sarongs, blue jeans, miniskirts, even leather jackets (the old beatnik garb). Lately, some of the girls have taken to disfiguring their faces with scrawls and inscriptions, relating to their hippie slogans or their tribal membership. The few children among them—they are still below school age—are brought up in the hippie way as "flower children." In the wintertime, they are holed up in the "bohemian" quarters of the cities (the Haight-Ashbury section of San Francisco near Golden Gate Park is widely known as Hippieland); or else they pitch their tents just anywhere, hungry and homeless. It is the warm parts of the year they really look forward to: life is easier, and besides they can worship the sun. Scores of thousands of hippies gathered on the public beaches of Los Angeles and San Francisco toward the end of June to welcome the summer solstice with appropriate songs and ceremonies. And many have remained there since.

How do these hippies manage to live? Some, of course, have private incomes, or allowances from their parents. Other hold odd jobs, mostly part-time; indeed, in San Francisco, they have their own employment agency, clothing cooperative, and housing agency (called the "British Embassy"). But mostly they live on handouts, or what they can scrounge; here, too, in San Francisco, they have an organization, the Diggers, who provide hundreds of hot meals a day, free, out of funds or supplies they solicit or beg. Obviously, the hippies are pretty well organized for a spontaneous "joy" group.

How many hippies are there? No one seems to know. Estimates in the San Francisco area place the number as high as 100,000 or more; much the same for the Los Angeles area. In New York, the number is said to be considerably smaller. But it must be remembered that the hippie population is a floating population; there are all-year-round hippies, and there are seasonal hippies, those who go in for it during the summer (school vacation) months. But even here we have no real information.

So far our account has been largely external. What about the inner meaning of the hippie phenomenon? What is the hippie secret, the secret of hippie existence?

Enjoyment, Bliss, Ecstasy

The deepest truth about the hippie style of life seems to be that the hippies are compulsive "enjoyers." They totally reject, in word and in fact, the idea of work, production, achievement; for them, the right kind of life is the life of enjoyment, bliss, even ecstasy. They *wallow* in life, so to speak: wallow in nature, wallow in "love," wallow in wallowing. Their ideal, quite literally, is a pure and unadulterated *self-indulgence,* a self-indulgence on a strange primitivistic level. In their utter absorption in enjoyment, and horrified rejection of work and production, they are—strange as it may seem—distantly related to David Riesman's "other-directed" suburbanite, who, too, views the older work-conscious, production-minded ethos with marked distaste, and strains for "gracious living" and the "civilized" enjoyment of the "finer things of life." But the suburbanite's enjoyment is anxiously

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"civilized" and conventional; the hippie's enjoyment is perhaps as anxiously "wild" and primitivistic. Yet there is a connection.

The keynote of the hippies' life of bliss is *love*. Theirs is indeed an orgiastic love-mystique. The term "love" appears everywhere, in everything the hippies have anything to do with, on their banners, on their persons, on their scanty possessions. Their articulate expressions are always about love; their gatherings are "love-ins"; their chants are "Buddhist love-songs" (of doubtful provenance). They meet every situation with proclamations of love. When they were ousted from Tompkins Square Park in New York for making too much noise with their bongo drums, guitars and chants, they sweatily announced that they "loved the cops" (although one hippie girl, in a frenzy, did bite a policeman). A Left group with a love so comprehensive as to include the cops is a phenomenon indeed!

The corporate mental life of the hippies would seem to be rather vacuous. They do show some talent for organization (after all, they're all Americans, aren't they?), but the thinking they do, if indeed thinking it can be called, is more like orgiastic love-spluttering than coherent thought. Unlike the more pretentious beatniks of yore, they do not claim to be producing a new and esoteric kind of poetry or music; they just want to be left alone to wallow in their "love-ins" and their nature-"happenings."

Yet, paradoxically, though their style of life is orgiastic wallowing, and wallowing in love, the hippies exhibit a rather low level of sexual vitality. They are essentially epicene. In appearance and in dress, the men and women look very much alike: the men make no effort to exhibit an aggressive masculinity, nor the women a passionate feminine lure. The hippies themselves say that, in their usage, love does not mean sex; there is, naturally, a good deal of sexual activity among them, but they almost never bring sex into their hippie style of life. This, I think, is a point of considerable significance in an attempt to understand hippiedom.

The hippies have their drug problem. Many come with, or acquire, serious narcotic addictions; the hippies in San Francisco have established their own clinic to deal with the worst of these cases. But their attitude to LSD is quite different. Remember that their whole mode of life is wallowing in "experience," and LSD comes to them as a most promising agent—to deepen "experience," to widen it, to extend it, as a way toward the life of higher ecstasy. Marijuana and LSD are said to be rampant among the hippies, as part of their cultic way. In this, of course, they resemble other "far-out" groups in this country, by whom these drugs have also been adopted as "consciousness-extending," "life-enhancing," "ecstasy-inducing." The inducement of ecstasy and ecstatic visions has indeed been the function of a number of drugs (mescal, hashish) employed by religious cults in the past, which the hippie cult rather curiously resembles, though in a loose way.

The hippies, with their cult of love, are naturally almost all pacifists, and many are also Vietniks. But political agitation, even well-defined political ideology, is remote from their anti-activist style of life, and they do not make much of an appearance in today's so-called protest movements.

So far, what do we have? We have a picture of a kind of primitivistic sect of uncertain size, loosely organized, devoted to a life of orgiastic enjoyment of nature, of "experience," of love, love, love . . . with no interest in any of the usual public preoccupations of Left groups. All this information is measurably true, and it does serve to fill out the hippie image. But somehow, we feel that we are missing something, that we have not yet got the hippie in proper focus.

Latter-Day Adamites

Perhaps a proper focus may be obtained if we try to see the hippie phenomenon in longer perspective. There was once, perhaps as far back as the beginning of the second century, a small Christian sect known as the "Adamites." It was their conviction that, in becoming Christians, they had been restored to the sinless purity of before the Fall, in fact, to Adam's primitive innocence in Paradise. (The sect was also known as the Paradisals.) They advocated a thoroughgoing antinomianism and anarchism, the community of goods, vegetarianism, sexual promiscuity, and nudity, as obviously belonging to the paradisal state they were enjoying.

Now let us examine some of the better-defined positions of the Adamite-Paradisals:

1. *A sense of primal innocence,* without "knowledge of good and evil."

2. *Antinomianism,* rejection, in principle, if not always in practice, of all restrictive law imposed from the "outside."

3. *Hostility to all authority,* as in-

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fringing upon their paradisal freedom.

4. *Pacifism,* since there can be no hurt in Paradise.

5. *Sexual freedom,* and no sense of shame, like Adam and Eve in Paradise.

6. *Community of goods.*

7. *Free-floating fantasy-thinking:* impatience with critical thinking as the product of man's fall.

8. *Emotional self-indulgence:* resentment at demands for inner restraint and emotional self-discipline.

9. *A comprehensive cult of love,* as appropriate to the sinless life in Paradise.

Such was the so-to-speak official way of life of the Adamites nearly two thousand years ago; it is amazing how, at nearly every point, it recalls the way of life practiced, or, at least, professed, by the hippies at this very moment! Here, at long last, I think, we come to the heart of the matter: *the hippies are the Adamites of our time.*

No Coercion, Authority

Yes, like their ancient prototypes, who also used to conduct "live-ins" in gardens or the open air in imitation of Paradise, the hippies rejoice in a sense of primal innocence: they are the "children of love," embracing all mankind, indeed, all being, in love; incapable of doing hurt to man, beast, or nature. They resent all coercion and authority; they affirm pacifism, sexual freedom, and freedom from shame; they have a vague "leftist" leaning toward socialism. But, above all, it is in their orgiastic wallowing in enjoyment and love that they recall the Adamites; for the Adamites, despite Scripture which tells us that Adam and Eve were put into Paradise to "keep and to tend it," in other words to work and cultivate it, always insisted that Paradise was for "bliss and joy." The hippies, I imagine, are not much on the Bible or the Christian tradition (they prefer Krishna and the Buddhist sutras), and so they probably do not see the connection; but nothing could be more obvious to the observer with insight than that they are the latter-day embodiment of that queer ancient heretical sect. In the perspective of this prototype, we are, I think, able to understand the hippies much better for what they really are.

But what of it? Queer these hippies may well be, it is said, even reminiscent of ancient heresy; but they are so innocent, so harmless, so loving. . . Isn't that what we need—more love, more innocence, more harmlessness? Let us examine more closely this line of apology.

I will pass over the dangers to society that the hippie way of life brings with it—widespread drug addiction, rising incidence of infectious hepatitis and venereal diseases, danger of outbreaks of polio and typhoid. I will also pass over the false and dangerous consequences of the hippie "ideology," such as their antinomianism, their hostility to authority, their sexual looseness, their leftist leanings. All these dangers, while real enough, are of a secondary order; primary in criticizing the hippies is their doctrine of love, upon which they so pride themselves.

Love, for them, is an orgiastic feeling in which they wallow in self-indulgence. This kind of love is corrupting both to the cultist and those upon whom it is lavished. Love, in any true sense, does not arise spontaneously as dumb feeling, to lose itself in a turbid morass of love mystique. Love is concern and commitment in its ultimate dimension. Not he loves his neighbor who sings love chants and invites the "experience of love," but he who understands how to share his neighbor's hopes and concerns, and to support his neighbor by helping to erect personal and social protections for his neighbor against the sinful self-aggrandizement of men in society. Love as feeling without doing rots and spoils; and surely it would be hard to find anything so rancid as the love-unction of the hippie love mongers.

And now we come to the final point. It is not innocent to pretend to an innocence impossible for man; unacknowledged sinfulness is a deadly poison, ruinous to the individual and to society both. For unacknowledged sinfulness means a refusal to see oneself in realistic perspective; it means a loss of the sense of ambiguity in life, of its hopes and possibilities, indeed, but also of its perversions and frustrations. The hippies, with their

(continued on p. 872)

"Enjoy being a teenybopper while it lasts, my dear. You'll have all the rest of your life to be a hippie."

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Special Report

One Man's Newark

JOHN D. KIRWAN

This is what one local resident, living near the fringes of the riot areas, saw and heard during five days and nights of trouble. I am not a reporter. I did not formally interview elected officials, civil rights leaders or anybody else. I didn't take close-up films of the shooting for the simple reason that I didn't want to get my head blown off. What I did see was 120 hours of people, equipment and destruction. And this account is, to the best of my recall, how it was.

'Indices of Normality'

Perhaps the most surprising thing about living in Newark during the riots was what might be called "indices of normality." Thursday night, during the major fire on Broad Street, a couple of hundred spectators rubbernecked peacefully, as if it were any ordinary blaze. Only the helmets on the city patrolmen gave any hint of singularity to this particular fire. Even during the height of public tensions—the crepuscular hours just before the curfew—people still went shopping, took out garbage, carried clothes to the cleaners, etc.

Another index is the degree to which the unusual becomes routine. National Guardsmen barricading city streets and protecting firehouses became commonplace. Bullet holes in some areas were as common as potholes in the streets and police cars bristling with shotguns and rifles soon attracted no more attention than buses. After the second or third day, it took something comparatively unique, like an Armored Personnel Carrier, to attract people's attention.

This is not to say that the nonghetto citizens were just casual spectators. Far from it. Fallout from the looting and shooting covered even the most pacific neighborhoods. Bars and liquor stores, not only in Newark, but in the surrounding towns were closed due to "executive decree" or "race riots"—depending on the viewpoint of the owner. Most other businesses shut down early and plywood shutters and iron grilles were the order of the day. On many a window was the soaped ju-ju SOUL BROTHER. Even stores with names like Lopez, Napoli and O'Somebody soon joined in this saponified ecumenism.

Three blocks from my flat a corner grocery had been looted. The street and sidewalk were almost hidden by plate glass, mashed loaves of bread, fruit, squashed vegetables, etc. The inside of the store was a shambles. Two city policemen, rifle butts resting against their hips stood guard to save what was left.

Not too far away, the police were towing away a ruined sedan. A shotgun blast had cobwebbed the windows and there were at least eight bullet holes in the body. The tires were literally shredded. In some areas, merchants barricaded themselves in their shops, more than ready for looters. Their attitude was that anybody, regardless of race, creed, color or national origin who tried to break in would not be given a chance of breaking out. The degree of their enthusiasm depended upon their distance from the ghetto.

Police Skilful, Courageous

However, the "first line of defense" consisted of state and local police and the National Guard. The term *citizen-soldier* is especially apt in describing the Guardsmen who came to Newark. The City Stadium on Bloomfield Avenue was one of their headquarters. Where fireworks had gone up on July 4, helicopters soared on Bastille Day. APCs, two-and-a-half ton trucks and jeeps—many covered with wire netting and matted with barbed wire across the grille—were crammed into the arena.

Despite their battledress, gas grenades and carbines, the National Guardsmen were not Grenadier Guardsmen. During quiet periods, they could be seen chatting with local residents, white and Negro, eating hot dogs and popsicles and trying to make themselves comfortable. However, when on patrol or when trouble threatened, they were alert and competent. One didn't envy their open-jeep tours through sniperland, despite the watchful eye they kept on windows and rooftops. They waved back when cheered by onlookers and smiled as they posed for pictures taken by priests and nuns from a Park Avenue rectory. When night fell they acquitted themselves with skill and courage.

Racism Intensifies

State and local police literally rode shotgun on the city. Equipped with dark blue and white riot helmets respectively, they were constantly on patrol, in both civilian and official cars (the State Police autos having large black numerals on their roofs for helicopter identification). Others drove private trucks and cars, both in and out of uniform, as roving spotters.

The downtown area became a virtual ghost town. Jewelry store windows had been cleared of stock and several businesses (including one of Newark's largest department stores) were completely boarded up. Bus routes were truncated to avoid slum areas. The Port Office was surrounded by armed guards and one could see overflow vanloads of prisoners being taken to suburban jails. Here and there, a spent casing glittered in the gutter.

It was on the periphery of the slums, however, where the strongest citizen tension could be seen. Whites and Negroes stood on opposite sides of a street, for all the world like chessmen before a game—waiting for someone to make the first move. Jeeps and squad cars paraded between the factions, their wheels crunching the broken bottles which told of artillery duels between street crowds and motorists. But neighbors also still spoke to neighbors and I saw both whites and Negroes save their isolated opposites from mob violence. In effect, emotions were intensified; those who hated before now hated more strongly. Others went out of their way to point out the difference between individualism and racial collectivism. In general terms, racial attitudes definitely hardened.

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The Open Question

One Step Backward; Two Steps Forward

FREDA UTLEY

"I pinched myself to see if I was still awake. There was world politics moving on without anyone noticing." Thus Sir John Glubb, head of the Arab Legion until 1956, who further comments, "No one seems to realize that rather than having lost, the Russians have now made the Arabs dependent on them . . . It was a smart move on their part to egg on the Arabs, realizing that their immediate defeat would leave them at Moscow's mercy."

It is doubtful whether it was planned quite that way by the Kremlin. There is reason to believe that by the, true or false, Russian intelligence passed on to Cairo concerning Israel's plans for a massive attack on Syria, Moscow intended only to compel Nasser to such a close alliance with Syria's Communist-leaning regime that Egypt too would come under Russian control; and that Nasser felt he must risk war with Israel to preserve his independence as the leader and protector of the Arabs against the pressures and counter-pressures of America and Russia.

In any case, the men who now direct Soviet foreign policy are clearly following Lenin's famous precept for meeting with reverses: "One step backward, two steps forward." Like a jujitsu champion utilizing his opponent's strength to throw him off balance, the Kremlin is now using Israel's victory—generally acclaimed in America as ours also—to extend Russian power and influence in the Middle East. What are a billion or so of lost armaments in Sinai as compared to the opportunity to expel Western influence from the Arab world, and establish Russia as the protecting power over the strategic area which contains the oil resources vital to Europe?

Russia is now in process of acquiring the Mediterranean naval and air bases for lack of which she could not, had she wished, have come to the rescue of the Arab states after Israel's super-Pearl Harbor attack. Podgorny's price for replenishing Egypt's military arsenal was supposedly a Russian naval base in Alexandria. America's Wheelus Air Force Base may become available to Russia if the weak regime of King Idris succumbs to the pressures of the Nasserites whose Union of Workers has thus far prevented the flow of Libyan oil to Britain and Germany.

The root cause of Washington's blunders or miscalculations today as yesterday would seem to be the never-extinguished hope that Roosevelt's "Grand Design" can yet be realized.

According to the London *Sunday Times* report on Glassboro, the most important long-term policy suggestion was "President Johnson's appeal to Premier Kosygin for something close to a superpower condominium of the world." Thus more than twenty years after Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam, the Kremlin continues to advance its aims by practical diplomacy while we fail to exert our power and influence in the world's trouble spots, hoping instead for an agreement with Moscow to order the world together.

The Hosannahs sung in America to Israel's successful blitzkrieg, are all grist to the Soviet propaganda mill by giving substance to the Communist thesis current in the Arab world that Israel is "an outpost of Western imperialism."

Whose Interests?

Max Geltman in his article, "The Enemy is the Same" (*NR*, July 11), wrote that whether or not James Burnham is right in saying that America gave "the strategic cover without which the Israeli forces could not have moved," we would have been right "to protect theirs and the free world's vital interests." America's interests are in fact no more identical with Israel's than Israel's with those of the majority of Jews who prefer assimilation in the West to the Zionist "blood and soil" concept, and therefore refuse to emigrate to the "armed ghetto" which Israel must continue to be, unless and until it comes to terms with its Arab neighbors by acknowledging the wrong done to them and making reparation.

In 1956, after the joint Israeli-Anglo-French attack on Egypt, President Eisenhower put American principles and interests, which are perhaps synonymous, ahead of votes and nevertheless won the election. Will President Johnson, preoccupied in Vietnam, in retrieving the errors of Truman and Marshall which lost China to the West, realize in time that the Middle East will also succumb to the Communists unless he now reverses course and gives the Arabs some hope of justice at the hands of the West?

Arabs Despair of U.S. Fairness

Those who enjoy taunting the Arabs for their poor military performance seem to have forgotten that we had a Pearl Harbor; and that the German army went through Russia "like a knife through butter" after Hitler's surprise attack. The end is not yet in the Middle East any more than it was in Europe in 1941 before the United States intervened. As King Hussein has said, the Arabs have not yet learned the use of modern weapons, but eventually they will. The price may prove to be as costly to us as to them.

Defeat, humiliation and despair of America ever freeing itself sufficiently from Zionist influence to be fair to the Arabs—or even have the Arab case reported in the newspapers, radio and television—is enabling Russia to win friends and influence people as never before. True, the Arabs know that Russia was not prepared to fight for them as America would, if necessary, have fought for Israel. But this only deepens their conviction that Israel is what Russia says: "the outpost of Western imperialism."

Max Geltman replies to James Burnham's statement that the Arabs know that America is for Israel (and react accordingly) by saying that "the only thing the Arab 'masses' know is

(Continued on p. 870)

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Mediating Media

The Non-News Explosion

JOHN BRENNAN

People are still talking about the revelations of Roscoe T. Waffle, the former professor of animal husbandry at the University of Tokyo who forsook his academic calling and entered television in the early 1960s. Waffle, by his own admission, has been in charge of development of non-news into news for a major television network. Non-news, for the benefit of those who have lost their 12AU6s, is composed of people and events of utter insignificance selected for the type of full-scale news treatment they would get if they actually were worthy of notice.

"You see," Waffle told an interviewer recently, "I service a great need. Night after night we have more than twenty minutes of blank screen to fill after deducting time for commercials. There is just so much legitimate news available and we have three networks competing for it. So what do you get? President Johnson makes a speech. ABC shoots him head on. NBC shoots him from the right and CBS, naturally, shoots from the left. No matter how you slice it, it's still the same picture essentially.

"Let's take a typical news day. You might have a couple of minutes of Johnson, a choice of air, sea, or ground action from Vietnam, and maybe a fire or a flood. If you're lucky there may be an expression of community resentment to film. We especially like to have footage of heavy-jawed policemen shooting back or belting someone, if possible, but that's about it. The other networks will have the same scenes.

"When you've seen one skirmish in Vietnam, you've seen them all. One week when we were stuck we showed the same attack scene three nights in a row and there wasn't a soul who noticed. Of course the government comes round with footage of what they call Vietcong atrocities once in a while but we are an American show and we'd just as soon try to dig up an atrocity we might be able to attribute to our side.

"Still the big problem is to get people to sit through the next commercial. That's where non-news comes in. Take Stokely Carmichael, for instance. Carmichael is essentially a non-news person. We've had people like him around for decades but usually they've been able to make their speeches only to members of their immediate family on alternate Sundays. But we've given Stokely visibility. He's gone from a non-news person to a news person. Now, when things are dull, we can always count on a few minutes from Stokely.

"We've done a nice job on Georgie Rockwell also. You wouldn't believe it possible that a chap like that with a fistful of hang-dog, froglegged followers could get known throughout the country. Well, we've fixed it so everyone recognizes Georgie and gets all excited when they see him in uniform. We can figure on a couple of minutes a week about George. It keeps the public away from their latent McCarthyist tendencies and concerned instead with The Resurgent Nazi Menace.

Afro-American Moon Committee

"We're trying to build some others into news people too. Did you ever hear of Professor Hare of McGoon University, the chap who has exophagic fantasies? Well, you will. And there's Fenton Slade, Myrna Sleech and Mrs. Quigley Blank. They're ready for the big buildup as soon as they get a little more experience.

"Fenton Slade is the former Mobile, Alabama parking lot attendant who has founded the Peoples Committee for an Afro-American Moon and is warning the White House imperialists to keep their hands off his property. You know, when Slade first started speaking we had to pay people to go hear him so we could film an audience. He's self-supporting now and is selling moon acreage to his followers. You watch. He's going to demand a completely Negro astronaut program and we expect lots of exposure from this.

"Good old Myrna Sleech is on her way up also. Her target is Ronald Reagan. If he announces his candidacy for the Presidency she is going to immolate herself in the Hollywood Bowl. We have exclusive rights on this, by the way. We've had Myrna practicing before our cameras. She's a demonstrator *par excellence*. Of course, she's a little old to be a student but she keeps her hair long and her shoes off and who's to notice.

Unicyclers for Peace

"We're having trouble with Mrs. Quigley Blank. At first she was going to start a Weightwatchers for Withdrawal from Vietnam Committee and sell Vietcong Diet Wafers but our sponsors didn't want that sort of competition. She then suggested a Unicyclers for Peace march and we decided to film Mrs. Blank leading the Unicyclers from Central Park to Washington Monument. However, after weaving a scant fifty yards Mrs. Blank's unicycle collapsed and the other pedalers were all mugged before they got three blocks. We couldn't show that.

"We've had fun with our non-news events also. We've already shown the Kennedy kayak ride complete with one hundred boatmen and we're planning a sort of high mass with Dr. Timothy Leary as celebrant out at the Statue of Liberty. We've got a very rare film of Dr. Spock talking about diaper rash that should be good for an odd moment on a dull night.

"Of course, we've had our failures also. We tried to push a fellow named Hubert Humphrey and another named George Romney or something but they proved completely forgettable. You could hear TV sets clicking off all over the country."

What about the ethics of non-news? Waffle looked thoughtful. "I don't think we have anything to be ashamed of in what we're doing," he said. "We're helping create an image of the United States and we're selling our product by keeping the people entertained. After all, information is way down the list of priorities when you're conducting a TV news program. We're not in the business of propaganda, after all, except for selling our products."

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Millions of tax dollars pour into the supersonic transport project to keep American aviation ahead but can the SST make money and is it worth the strain on your eardrums?

BAN THE BOOM?

FERDINAND MOUNT

"If you are in an airconditioned office," said the airline executive, "you would hear no more than a gentle handclap"—making a comforting plup with his hands to suit his words. But should you be standing on a boat-deck somewhere off Nantucket Island, then according to Dr. Bo Lundberg, Sweden's Director-General of Aeronautical Research, it could cause you "severe fright and possibly physical damage." It of course is Superbang, the sonic boom, what Boeing calls "a twentieth-century sound," as if the appellation could remove the nasty aftereffects and make the boom as lovably familiar as Twentieth Century-Fox. Superbang is the critical nub of an argument of Byzantine complexity over the building of the U.S. supersonic transport. The argument has political, economic, legal and social strands. But in the end it all comes back to that noise.

Is the SST really necessary? Will it make man, or rather businessman, happier to traverse the Atlantic in three hours instead of six? Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin has decried the project as "a booming, zooming gift to the jet set." Proponents of the SST deny this. "The SST is simply the next stage. Advances in transportation spring not from necessity—people got along all right without the wheel—but from man's ingenuity," says a Wall Street financier. According to the Federal Aviation Agency, the SST is part of the evolution of the airplane. If reactionaries like those who oppose the SST had been around at the time, they imply, the missing link would never have made it—and we would still be swinging subsonically through the trees.

But there is also a less Darwinian argument for the SST. Through the late Fifties and early Sixties, American firms have been supplying over 80 per cent of the free world's civil aircraft. Now that pre-eminence is in danger. In the Russian Pavilion at Expo 67 stands a model of the Tupolev 144, cruising speed 1,550 mph, range over 4,000 miles, carrying 126 passengers. There was talk of the real thing flying to the spring Paris air show. Now its maiden public flight looks destined for the fall. Meanwhile in hangars in Bristol, England and Toulouse, France mechanics are hammering away at bits of aluminum which they hope will fit together into the Anglo-French supersonic airliner, speed 1,450 mph, range over 4,000 miles, carrying 124 passengers. After initial mixups such as whether the aircraft should be called Concord (English) or *Concorde* (Français) and an attempt by the British Labor government to include the project in their economy cuts—scotched by de Gaulle's threats to sue the British for as much money as they would have saved by dropping the Concorde—the plane is scheduled for flight next spring. With such competition about, the U.S. could hardly chicken out.

Rivalry Accelerated SST

Would the SST ever have been built if the rival aircraft had not been under way? Some franker sources will admit that it would not, after checking to see if the room is bugged. But the official line is, yes we'd have built it all the same, though of course we might have delayed the project a bit. Like how long? Oh, about five years. So the present plan to put the SST into service around 1975, four years after the Concorde, is a hurried makeshift? Not at all, we have been planning this thing for years. Yet the bland warp and woof of official logic cannot totally wrap up the mottled career of the scheme.

What happened was that in the late Fifties, a pro-SST group approached the Defense Department, which was then of course all worked up about the "missile gap." Every dollar they could squeeze out of Congress was needed for stocking up on ICBMs. Senior air force men felt that eventually the USAF would need SSTs, but the ICBMs had to come first. NASA likewise passed the SST by on the other side. No doubt their aeronautical boys would like a crack at building a 1,750-mph liner with all the fascinating problems of metallurgy and aerodynamics. But gee when you're trying to get to the moon, you need every penny. So the project was eventually farmed out to the Federal Aviation Agency whose main role is to certify aircraft for safety. Any port in a storm no doubt, but the whole thing does seem to have gone to the FAA's head. The FAA's director of the SST program, Maj. Gen. J. C. Maxwell, says, "This is a good program, but I'd be the first one for abandoning it if it were proved otherwise." However, Maxwell also told the PR men of the Aerospace Industries Association:

"I think we need to quit picking on our program and start boosting it instead. Like the title of that song I remember from my younger days, let's *Accentuate the Positive*. We've got a good product! Let's sell it to

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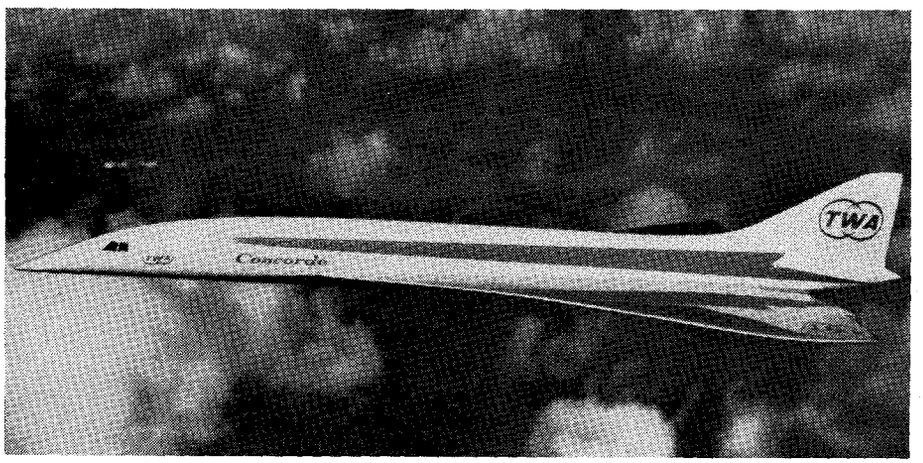
the nation and to the world!"

But let us look at the general's stirring claims. Will the world want the SST and buy enough of them to repay the massive initial government investment of $1.1 billion over the next four years (total outlay by 1975 will be $3.4 billion), not to speak of the use of 9,000 skilled men at construction peak? So far 113 SSTs have been reserved, half by foreign airlines. Transportation Secretary Alan Boyd estimates the potential world market for supersonic planes at 1,200, of which the SST could reckon on nine hundred. The government would get its money back if 300 models are sold between 1975 and 1990. If 500 are sold in that time, the government gets 6 per cent on its investment and the manufacturers begin to show a profit on *their* investment. All tickey-boo then? The most brilliant government investment since Disraeli bought Britain a slice of the Suez Canal? Not quite. For unless some miraculous solution is found to the sonic boom problem, the chances are that the SSTs will be restricted by world governments and airlines to flying at supersonic speeds only over the sea. So SST from New York to London—fine; SST from San Francisco to Tokyo—a real timesaver; but SST from New York to San Francisco—better to hop on a B-747 Jumbo Jet, cheaper too. Such a restriction would bring the total market for the SST back to the 300-500 area and to the thick of the controversy. Mr. Boyd says that even so "the giant craft will become preferred on transoceanic routes and long-range domestic routes between coastal cities to Hawaii and to other islands." But what if the development costs soar, as did those of the Concorde from an estimated $476 million in 1962 to $1,400 million last year? Admittedly the British are working on Napoleon's hit-or-miss battle strategy: *"On s'engage et après on voit."* But even the best-laid estimates of men and economists gang agley—upwards. There has been much kerfuffle about four economic reports, totaling 1,300 pages, commissioned by the FAA, and unpublished until the President had "made up his mind" at the end of April to go ahead and build two prototypes of the Boeing-General Electric design. When they were released two weeks later, cynics wondered whether they had been kept secret from LBJ as well as the public. However, one should not pay too much heed to the professionally gloomy prognostications of economists, usually based on scant facts and scanter common sense. All that needs to be said is that "experts" are divided on whether the SST will be profitable. The best guess must be that it is unlikely to make much money and it could lose an awful lot if the wings don't stay on. On the other hand, the alternative to SST—and this must be pointed out to anti-SST bigots—is no SST, which means buying the Concorde or, horror of horrors, the TU-144. This would be as big a blow to national pride as to the U.S. balance of payments.

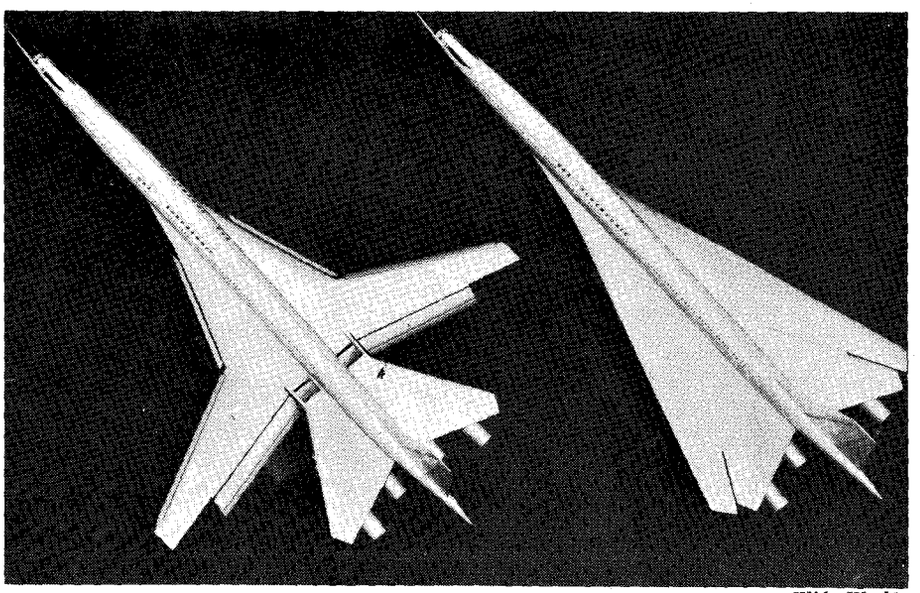
The size of the profit or loss will in the end be largely decided by how much noise the SST makes and what governments decide to do about that noise. Ferrying businessmen faster is a minute expense to large corporations, which will always be ready to pay extra to save the time of valuable men. General Motors executives do not ordinarily travel by Greyhound bus. The real question is how much fuss the flown over will create about the noise made by the fliers—and how far their elected representatives will press for restrictions on supersonic flight.

Sea Flights Only?

One confusion about the effect of restriction on overland flying must be cleared up. Najeeb Halaby, then FAA Administrator, told the 1964 House Commerce Committee: "The loss of market potential due to such a restriction would probably be so severe as to make commercial production of the SST economically unfeasible." General Maxwell, on the other hand, told the House last March: "We have based our SST program



Wide World



Wide World

Transatlantic rivals: Concorde (top) and SST

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decisions on the conservative assumption that this design is to be operated primarily over water." An apparent discrepancy. But Halaby was looking at an earlier design which would not be economical at subsonic speeds. Now modifications in the variable wing sweep of the Boeing 2707 —swept back for supersonic, forward position for subsonic takeoff and landing—are said to have made the SST as economical at low speeds as conventional jet liners.

Superbang itself is born of a seeming freak of nature, which is really no more than a logical extension of nature's own laws. Even a glider creates pressure waves by disturbing the atmosphere. But the waves diffuse in all directions and are too weak to be heard. The "speed of sound" is the speed of these pressure waves. A supersonic airplane is therefore traveling faster than its own pressure waves. The waves cannot, so to speak, get out of the way of the ship. So they coalesce and lag behind the airplane, forming a conical shock wave. The base of the cone, expanding and therefore weakening all the time, eventually reaches the earth—after you have seen the aircraft pass overhead. Later still you hear the noise of the engine. The pressure change Superbang causes is only about one-thousandth of the normal pressure of the atmosphere. If this sounds harmless enough, reflect that it is also a thousand times greater than atmospheric pressure changes created by the rise and fall of the human voice.

Superbang is extremely variable. Turbulent weather, a change of flight path, wind speed and direction —all can magnify or reduce the noise. Shock waves can bounce off hills and tall buildings to produce an infernal echo. When an airplane accelerates, the shock waves take a more direct path downwards. So they cut across the earlier, more horizontal waves, and join with them to produce a real earsplitter. All these variables mean that any acceptable boom limit must have a good margin of error to allow for such special sonic effects.

But the two main determinants are the attitude and the altitude of the aircraft (speed beyond the magic Mach 1 point is, oddly enough, a minor factor). *Altitude,* important

Major General Maxwell "accentuating the positive"

Wide W

because the farther away they get from the plane, the larger and weaker are the ripples. At 20,000 feet the SST will make you think that Armageddon has arrived. At 40,000 feet-plus, you will merely hear thunder.

Attitude, or angle of attack, is related to the amount of lift an airplane must produce to keep its own weight aloft. The heavier the aircraft, the bigger the boom. And the SST is of course very heavy. It will weigh roughly the same as the B-747 Jumbo Jet, and it will be traveling three times as fast. Boeing claims that its streamlined shape and extended intake system will reduce boom as well as drag. No doubt, but the SST will still be making one hell of a noise.

Will People Accept Noise?

How much public rage will it inflame? One SST buff says "Noise is a strange thing. You go into the peace and quiet of the country and you're woken up by a damn woodpecker. My wife actually turns on the airconditioner, though we don't need it, just to drown the noise. When the jets first came to Edwards air base, people complained. Now they hardly notice it. Same with the SST. There'll be a lot of fuss at first, but in the end people will come to accept it."

If this is true, it is alarming. The FAA claims that it has done more research on noise than has been done in the whole of previous human history. Yes, but the results have been unilluminating, to put it mildly. Various major studies have been carried out, to wit:

A structural response program at the White Sands Missile Range, New Mexico. "Structural response" means: does your house fall down when supersonic aircraft pass over it? The program showed fairly conclusively that it does not. "Booms may cause unseen cracks in poorly applied plaster at nominal 6.5 pounds per square foot" (a noise far beyond tolerability). Glass doesn't start breaking until 10 psf. Precarious bric-à-brac may fall off the wall at about 6 psf. And so on. The upshot is that the SST is unlikely to do much damage to property unless flown outrageously low—probably less damage than Venetian motorboats wreak on the walls of palaces on the Grand Canal. But even this minor havoc is a gross intrusion on personal privacy. The law must establish, as the Ohio Supreme Court has already done, that householders so afflicted have a right to generous damages.

Sonic boom tests have also been carried out at St. Louis, Missouri. And the results of a test at California's Edwards Air Force Base are now being published. But the main source for reactions of people—as opposed to precarious bric-à-brac—is the Oklahoma City Sonic Boom Tests of February-July 1964. During this time, 1,253 sonic booms were generated over the city by USAF planes—F-104s, F-101s, F-106s and B-58s—under the direction of the FAA. Overpressure of 1-2 psf were the rule, but

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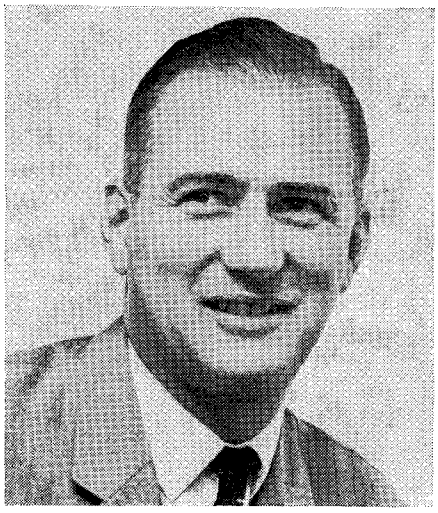

IATA Director Hammarskjold: no license for SST yet

ground instruments occasionally recorded booms up to 4 psf. SST planners reckon on 1.5 psf as an "acceptable" level. Any lesser boom would mean a smaller and hence uneconomic plane. Note therefore that SST overland flights would *inevitably* entail some booms of 3 or 4 psf, which experts agree would be intolerable.

The findings were based on questionnaires issued to 3,135 persons, 29 per cent of the sample subscribed to the amazing theory that it was "improper for a person to complain even if annoyed." They appeared to regard sonic booms as licensed by the Almighty rather than by the Federal Government. This interesting group of noise-quietists was rightly considered biased and excluded from the findings. The summation was that "substantial numbers of residents reported interferences with ordinary living activities and annoyance with such interruptions, but the majority felt they could learn to live with the numbers and kinds of booms experienced." Like Londoners during the Blitz, the people of Oklahoma City can take it. But few of them learned to stop worrying and love the boom. With a median boom level of 1.13 psf, 37 per cent reported serious annoyance. This rose to 56 per cent when the level was stepped up to 1.60 psf. And they didn't get used to it either. During the first eleven weeks of the study, less than 10 per cent felt they could not tolerate the eight daily booms indefinitely. After six months of it, 25 per cent "felt they could not learn to accept the booms." Note the interesting use of the learning concept. Will future graduates be able to say, "I majored in boom-acceptance"? After the supersonic hawks had finished making their not-so-lazy circles in the sky, the FAA said, "The findings and conclusions in both the Oklahoma City and New Mexico studies indicate that it is probably feasible to operate a civil supersonic transport aircraft at restricted boom levels over populated areas once the public understands the phenomenon." Well, that's one way to read it. But 25 per cent didn't come to understand the phenomenon. And that's an awful lot of people, the vast majority of whom will draw not one tittle of benefit from the SST. Nor should it be forgotten that none of the test flights was carried out at night, when we tend to be more particular about noise. In the two years since the Oklahoma and New Mexico studies, the FAA has, however, quietly come to admit that it may be too much to educate everyone in the beauties of the boom. SST planners now assume that they will be restricted to supersonic flights over water. Frankly, this is the best that the impotent noise-hater can hope for. Unless you are at sea at one of the great junctions of flight paths (e.g. off Nantucket as mentioned above), where the horseshoe-shaped boom carpets will coalesce into something too horrible for auditory imagination, you may not be bothered too much by the boom. But—and a horrendous but it is—there remains the noise made by the engine itself.

Grants to Noise Sufferers

The noise of today's jets is wellnigh intolerable for those who live near airports. (One SST supporter says darkly that some people move to houses at the end of the runway solely in order that they can make a fuss). At Carswell Air Force Base in Lake Worth, Texas, a junior school has had to be built underground because of noise. The British government now hands out grants to residents near London's Heathrow Airport so that they may soundproof their homes. The Concorde manufacturers admit that their aircraft will make more engine noise than present jets, but not much more. But the SST develops nearly twice as much thrust as the Concorde. And beautifully designed though its input and exhaust system may be, it will have to make a terrific shindig to get off the ground. Boeing hopes to progress in combating this. But an International Air Transport Association spokesman points out:

"Power means noise. Every time you try to muffle noise, you muffle power. I don't see how the heck you can do it without jeopardizing safety and everything else."

SST supporters answer that in any case the increase in air traffic is such that new airports will have to be built away from population centers. This of course will lay the SST open to the old gibe: you can fly round the world in a half hour, but it takes half a day to get to the airport. In any case, IATA—the mouthpiece of the world's airlines—has already specified in its ten commandments (Imperative Design Objectives for Civil Supersonic Transport Aircraft) that the SST must be able to operate as "just another aircraft." Commandment No. 7 reads:

"No increase in the level of engine noise can be tolerated. In fact, engine noise from the SST must be lower than that of subsonic jets operating at present in order to permit round-the-clock operations." (Being far more expensive than present jets the SST—selling price around $40-million each—must be flown intensively to approach economic viability.)

No wonder Knut Hammarskjold, IATA's Director-General, says of both the Concorde and the SST:

"Neither design yet meets the

Ex-FAA Administrator Halaby: "economically unfeasible"?

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IATA Ten Commandments—the imperative design objectives for the SST established by our member airlines."

With Anglo-French and Russian competition, the U.S. cannot afford not to build the SST. But it is dubious whether the United States will be able to afford to build it either. It is self-deception to talk of solving the problems of sonic boom and engine noise. The nuisance and its social consequences can at best be mitigated. The SST is not a joyride into the future but a dour gamble where the financial return is debatable and the citizen is certain to be robbed, of a slice of what personal privacy yet remains to him.

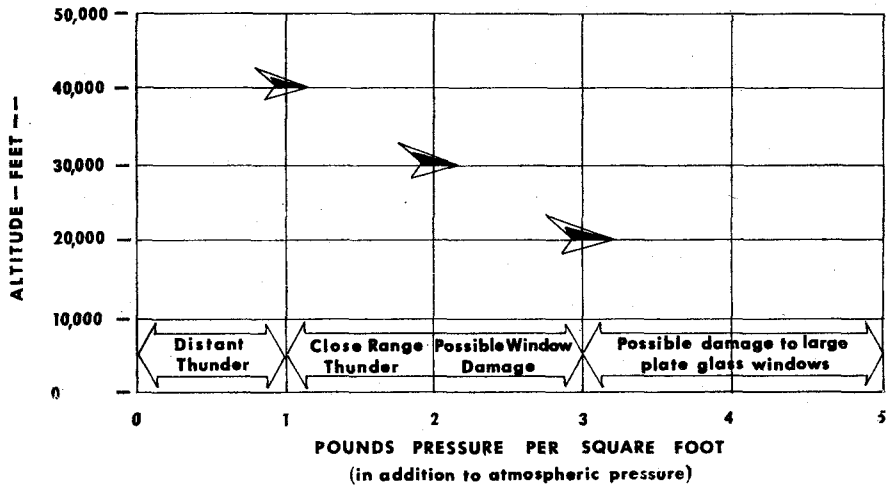
We have hardly begun to list the risks, the costs, the uncertainties involved in that gamble. At $40 million or more a time, most airlines will nearly go bust trying to acquire the smallest effective fleet of SSTs. Boeing has already fought successfully to cut its share of research and development costs from 25 to 10 per cent—at the expense of the taxpayer. Such a vast involvement of government with the air industry may well lead to de facto control if not ownership of both manufacturers and airlines. This danger has arisen because, while other civil airplanes have developed out of military planes whose cost has been borne by the Defense Department, the SST has, comparatively speaking, started from scratch. Information on, for example, the use of titanium instead of aluminum and the aerodynamics of large payloads at supersonic speeds will now flow back to the military, instead of vice versa. There are also the problems of the psychological effects of flight at such heights and speeds, the above-normal radiation levels which may call for restriction on the number of hours flown by the crew, the need for super-sealing the cabin (the slightest loss in pressurization entails disaster) and so on.

Against all this is ranged the impetus of human ingenuity and perseverance—the need to run it up the flagpole and see if it flies. Dr. Bo Lundberg, one of the leading skeptics about the SST, argues that to build prototypes on the grounds that we must know the effects of the boom is really "a dangerous trap." For if the noise created by the SST turns out to be worse than we imagined—or if other technical snags mean that even more billions must be spent—those involved with the project, manufacturers and subsidizing governments, will be tempted to press on in a desperate effort to recover the billions already sunk in the project. Already you can detect through the ballyhoo the sound of men whistling to keep their courage up. The FAA—with that euphoria which seizes government departments which have got hold of a vast project and millions of tax dollars to play with—claims that though the SST "man will have freed himself still further from the bonds of geography and the limitations symbolized by the relentless tick-tick-tick of the watch on his wrist." In 1984, some of us may sigh for those old tick-tick-tick days, as we lie awake nights listening to the relentless bang-bang-bang of the sonic boom.

Could the project be abandoned at this stage? Would it be possible to engineer some kind of international agreement that man's impulse to go faster and faster by means of jet-propelled flight has reached its acceptable limit and that we should wait for the achievement of some new soundless, riskless, relatively cheap and incredibly fast form of transportation, perhaps by rocket? Should we not concentrate on increasing the quantity and quality and reducing the cost of jet flight—by jumbo jets—rather than on speed?

For 36 years the Empire State Building has remained the highest building in the world, despite the growing shortage of urban building land. Skyscrapers increasingly dominate the skyline of the metropolises of the world, but nobody has found it commercially or humanly rewarding to overtop the Empire State, until the arrival of the New York Trade Center project, with its two 110-story towers. The Center has been denounced as "the world's tallest fiasco" and "Manhattan's Tower of Babel." Skeptics ask the same questions about the commercial and social value of the project as they do about the SST. Have we reached a point where extending the frontier of height or speed contributes little to the quality of human life, proclaiming rather the vain glory of the frontiersmen? Is the SST such a point, the Stalingrad of the airplane?

The Cassandras may well be right, but they will have to wait for their chance to say "I told you so." For the SST will be built. The pressure of international competition dictates that. Given the accelerating skills of today's technologists, it will be remarkable if they cannot make the SST fly, and fly safely. That being so, businessmen will wish to fly in it. There will then be a clamor for the unrestricted use of man's new toy so that manufacturers and airlines can more quickly recover their costs. This is where the citizen has the chance and the duty to declare: *"ils ne passeront pas"*—to protest vigorously at infringement of his rights to peace and quiet, and to agitate for the amendment of the law to punish severely any such infringement. As with children, it is unrealistic to hope that the SST will be seen and not heard. But if the noisy brat is to be allowed into civilized adult society, it must be taught not to boom over your dinner table.



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Aden: The Way It Was

ALEC WAUGH

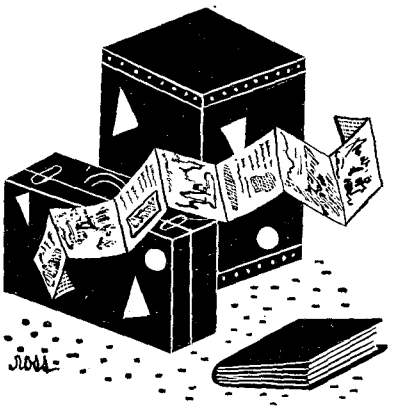
It was strange for me to watch a few weeks ago, morning after morning on television, pictures of Aden with its streets barricaded and troops huddling prisoners into lorries. For so many years Aden had been for the Briton a symbol of eventless dreariness.

Most ships bound for the Far East and East Africa halted there, or at Djibouti across the way, and it was questionable which was the drearier port of call. Djibouti, the gateway to Abyssinia, was a dusty reproduction of provincial France, with bourgeois Frenchmen in mushroom-shaped solar topees, sipping sticky liqueurs in sidewalk cafés beside their wives and families. In Aden, a coaling station, an important link in cable and wireless, a sentinel outpost of the Arab world, there was even less to see. Every passenger said the same thing on his return: "Never again." Yet the residents unquestionably enjoyed themselves. I never met an official, a serving officer, a technician in Cable and Wireless who did not look back on it nostalgically. "Lucky fellow," they would say of a colleague. "He has been posted to Aden."

My brother Evelyn spent two weeks there in 1931, after his first visit to Abyssinia. "Pure mischance," he wrote, "brought me to Aden and I expected to dislike it, contrasting it angrily with the glamor and rich beauty I expected to find at Zanzibar. How wrong I was. Zanzibar and the Congo, names pregnant with romantic suggestion, gave me nothing; Aden was full of interest." His "When the Going Was Good" contains an amusing account of the big evening of the week, the showing every Thursday of a film on the roof of the Seamen's Institute. Dinner parties were given for it, as they would be in London before dances. The roof was covered with deep wicker chairs—the Resident's party occupying the front row. The moment the film started, every member of the audience fell asleep, completely at peace until two hours later the national anthem called them to their feet, when "vivacious once more they adjourned to the club for beer, oysters and bridge." Evelyn concluded that owing to the peculiar climate, it was in Aden "practically impossible to remain both immobile and conscious."

In 1955 I fulfilled a long-held resolve to spend three weeks in Aden and case the joint. There was a busy social life. The port was active, 24 million tons of shipping in a year compared with London's fifty-two. Tourists, because of the duty-free cameras and watches, spent on an average $25 a head during a morning's visit. An oil refinery had been built across the water. There was a brisk

Delectations



housing development, with the new bungalows painted in primary colors to give an air of variety to the parched treeless hillsides. Politically it had acquired a new importance because of the rise to power of the oil sheiks in the gulf of Oman. Some of the older residents complained that Aden had ceased to be itself. Too many people about. It had been much cozier when there had been just a few.

I called upon the governor. He was blandly confident about the future; changes were on their way, of course, there was to be a new constitution with free elections. But the peasants and workmen were contented. The local notables were making money. No one had any reason for complaint. It all seemed as peaceful now as it had during Evelyn's unplanned sojourn a quarter of a century before. The only vital issue, indeed, appeared to be the control of the *Khat* that was being flown in daily from Addis Ababa by a two-plane service. *Khat* is the branch of a kind of privet bush that the Adeni Arabs chew. It has a bitter taste but leaves the mouth clean as a glass of Fresca, Bitter Lemon or Campari soda does. Originally the Adenis got it from Yemen, but more and fresher branches were now available in Abyssinia and its regular supply was one of the most profitable sidelines of Ethiopian Airlines. It created a heightened euphoria in the addict. The Arabs are poetical and they would hold *Khat* parties at which they recited poems.

Merchants would hurry out from the city whenever a plane was sighted, to get the freshest stocks. Branches only stay good for a day and a half. The first stocks fetched the highest prices. Small packages that looked like a birch were wrapped round with banana leaves, and then packed into a kind of pillowcase. Policemen guarded the supplier. Young Arabs in bright skirts and caps clamored for the early release of the bags. At this time $12,000 was changing hands daily —a source of considerable profit to the government.

There was no doubt that *Khat* was a kind of drug, and certain puritan elements in the community were opposed to an official trade in it. But they were in the minority. The supporters argued that it did little if any harm. It was an anaphrodisiac so that its addicts did not get into mischief. It made you thirsty, you drank while you chewed, but as Moslems do not touch alcohol that had no bad results, and the Coca-Cola factory paid higher dividends. You also smoked so that the tobacconists did well. It impaired the digestive processes, so that the pharmacists conducted a brisk trade in laxatives. Everyone seemed thoroughly contented. If Aden had nothing more serious than *Khat* to worry over, its future, I thought, must surely be assumed.

And that is only eleven and half years ago. What has happened to the *Khat* trade now? And what has happened to the Adenis who drew so much solace from it? They at least cannot be grateful to this particular gust of the capricious winds of change.

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The McNamara Policy: Road to Disaster

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

PHRASES LIKE "strategic doctrine" and "military policy" have a certain distant and abstract quality that tends to deprive them of political sex appeal. Yet there is no issue—not even Vietnam or the disorder in our cities—which is of such intimate importance to every living American as the conflict over the strategic doctrine and military policy that have come to be associated with the name of Robert McNamara. What is at stake is, quite literally, the lives of three out of every five Americans, to say nothing of the survival of the United States and of Western civilization.

Meyer

The issue is too serious to be discussed, as it often is, simply in terms of the personality of McNamara. He is no doubt the principal executor of current policy, and if that policy is wrong, as I believe it is, his removal would be a necessity both practically and symbolically to make way for a reconstitution of our strategic stance. But McNamara, although he is one of the architects as well as the principal executor of present policies, is not primarily responsible for them. This responsibility rests first of all, of course, with the President and his predecessor, but more fundamentally it is lodged in the liberal outlook on world politics with its insistently suicidal refusal to face reality.

THE EFFECT of this outlook is disastrous for the basic requirement of all strategic thinking—estimate of the enemy's intentions and estimate of the enemy's capabilities. On the level of intentions, it produces a wilful blindness to the open and continuous proclamation of the philosophico-political doctrine of world Communist rule—a doctrine from which the Communist leadership in its fundamental statements has never deviated for fifty years, whatever its immediate tactics. But the self-induced blindness goes further. Even were it not for the underlying Communist doctrine, even were the Soviet Union simply an expansive great power in a bi-polar world, how would it be possible safely to ignore the Soviet military doctrine—freely available in every Soviet military journal—which uninhibitedly puts primary reliance on a sudden nuclear-rocket first strike?

Communist intentions, both philosophico-political and military, are clearly and unreservedly aggressive. Since we are deeply committed to a second-strike-only policy and since our strategic potential is shaped to this policy, our sole defense against a Soviet knockout blow that would kill 120 million Americans is based on the concept of deterrence—that is, sufficient *believable* power to retaliate after a Soviet first strike with great enough force to inflict upon the enemy what the analysts call "unacceptable damage," an equally terrible destructive blow. It is obvious, therefore, that the very existence of the country depends upon such unquestionable superiority in our striking force that under no circumstances would the enemy dare to carry through his avowed intention of striking a pulverizing blow at the United States.

THIS MISJUDGMENT of the enemy's intentions is matched by a systematic underestimation of the enemy's capability, that is, his power to carry out his intentions. Whether as a result of the general liberal inability to deal realistically with questions of force, or whether as a result of a natural human propensity to buttress one error with another, persistent misreading of Soviet intentions has for some years now been compounded by steady underestimation of their capabilities. A true assessment of those capabilities, and of the actual dynamic balance of force between us and the Communist world, has been made difficult for the informed observer by the complexities of judging technological possibilities and has been complicated still further by the classified status of so much of the information, as well as by McNamara's systematic obfuscations of the issue. It has nevertheless become increasingly clear over the past few years that our superiority, and therewith the credibility of our policy of deterrence, has been steadily deteriorating.

AND NOW, whatever lingering doubts may have existed about the danger of the McNamara policy have been authoritatively set to rest with the publication by the American Security Council of a report prepared for the House Armed Services Committee: *The Changing Strategic Military Balance, U.S.A. vs. USSR* (American Security Council, 1101 17th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, $1.50). It was prepared by a committee headed by General Bernard A. Schriever, recently retired Commander, U.S. Air Force Systems Command, and including General Curtis E. LeMay, former Chief of Staff of the Air Force, General Thomas S. Power, former Commander, SAC, Dr. Edward Teller, and Professor Stefan T. Possony. Based entirely upon unclassified information, but written by men whose previous access to the highest classified material has undoubtedly shaped their judgment, it gives a grim picture indeed of the strategic situation.

In sum, the report indicates that by this year, 1967, our former superiority in decisive areas has fallen to equality and that by 1971 the Soviets will possess strategic superiority. In 1962 the United States possessed massive superiority; by 1971 "the U.S. and the USSR will have reversed their role in a ten-year period"—*unless present policies are drastically revised.* Although the study covers all aspects of the strategic situation but refrains from making specific proposals for action, four conclusions would seem to be dictated by its

(Continued on p. 872)

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FROM THE ACADEMY

The Middle of the Journey

RUSSELL KIRK

NOW AND AGAIN, indignant friends send me some of the evanescent journals of the "New Left" students. I am not alarmed by them. In general, those publications are wretchedly written, empty of ideas, and animated only by the cry "Pull down!" Such folk will get nowhere, today or tomorrow—not even so far as the young Marxists got thirty years ago. As Dr. Clark Kerr remarked recently, the real drift of this country is conservative today, and the radical students' only remaining cause is opposition to the Vietnamese war—and even there they are ineffectual, if often a nuisance. About fifteen years ago, the better college undergraduates began to move toward conservative principles. In America, as in Britain, about three decades must elapse before a body of ideas results in successful public action. I am inclined to borrow the title of that very good novel by Mr. Lionel Trilling, and to say that we are in the middle of the journey—though moving in quite a different political direction than that which Trilling describes. Fifteen years from now, the conservatively-inclined students of 1952, or even of 1967, will have become dominant in public affairs and in the academy—supposing our civilization has not gone to smash in the interim.

Kirk

One straw in the wind is *Phalanx,* a new quarterly being published by intelligently conservative students at universities and colleges in and about Los Angeles. The editor is a colored student, Mr. William Allan Barclay, of Pepperdine College: the managing editor, Mr. Peter Schramm, is the son of a Hungarian exile. Chapters of the Southern California Collegiate Studies Conference (associated with the Intercollegiate Studies Institute) at Loyola, Immaculate Heart, San Fernando Valley State, the University of Southern California, and Pepperdine have joined together in this imaginative endeavor. The magazine costs $3.50 a year, and its address is 3853 Recklaw Drive, Studio City, California.

As the editors of *Phalanx* write in their apology for being born, "The search for truth has been lost in the modest quest for totality. The educational system [reflected in most journals] has attuned itself to the desire to find a rational answer for every element of man's behavior. Those things which do not yield to such reason are rejected. The quality of ideas has led to the rejection of ideas. Fact has become lord, and all that does not conform to fact as the system sees it does not [cannot] exist. Once this trend was clearly established, it was a simple matter for liberty to become a negotiable bond for the purchase of security."

It will be perceived that these students are thinking: and as best they may, they are endeavoring to redress the balance, particularly in humane studies. They are not alone.

Several other new publications by conservative students have come to my attention. One is *AM/PM West: a Political Journal,* with Mr. Alan W. Bock as editor and Mr. R. Jan Sollenberger as publisher (both of the University of California at Los Angeles). The first number appeared in March, and it is sponsored by the California Young Republican College Federation, at 626 Landfair Avenue, Los Angeles. It is more immediately political than is *Phalanx;* one hopes it will grow in size and influence, for its founders are forthright.

Also in Los Angeles one comes upon *Innovator* (Box 34718, $2 a year), edited by Mr. Richard Bray. Despite its name, this is a journal of "libertarianism," or classical liberalism, swearing by Hayek, Mises and their allies; naturally, its primary interest is economics.

SEVERAL local chapters of Young Americans for Freedom publish their own substantial bulletins or newsletters. One of the more vigorous is *Commentary on Liberty* (1602 Walnut Street, Room 304, Philadelphia; $2 per year), sponsored by the Philadelphia County Young Americans for Freedom. One contributor, Mr. Dave Walter, invites *Playboy* (which he dislikes) to join in the good work of restoring genuine liberty—the rights of property-owners, for instance. But he suspects that *Playboy* is interested only in sexual license. He indubitably is right, for *Playboy* declined to publish his letter, though it had plenty of space in which to print the epistles of neurotic clergymen who are all for Sexual Emancipation.

The Young Republicans of St. John's University, in Long Island, are getting out an eight-page, double-column publication called the *Pachyderm,* with Mr. Vincent Leibell as president and Mr. Matthew Corey as editor. (Address: The Young Republicans Club, St. John's University, Jamaica, New York.)

DOUBTLESS other publications of this general character will reach me during the next few months. (In a previous article, I listed most of the student journals already established in the field.) The readership of most of these journals may be small, and their fiscal resources scanty, but they will make their mark.

Most of these literate students know what is wrong. As the editors of *Phalanx* put it, in their proposal for interdisciplinary discussion, "When we speak of an education deficient in quality and scope we mean, among things, that system of training that passes for education. We mean the intense pressure for the retention of inert knowledge (whose half-life in most cases is little more than six or eight years). Training is, of course, necessary for specialists, but it should not be passed off as education. More important, the trained individual should not be passed off as an educated individual."

If these members of the rising generation succeed, despite handicaps, in educating themselves, the world may not be intolerable in 1984.

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Do You Have A Poem Book . . .?

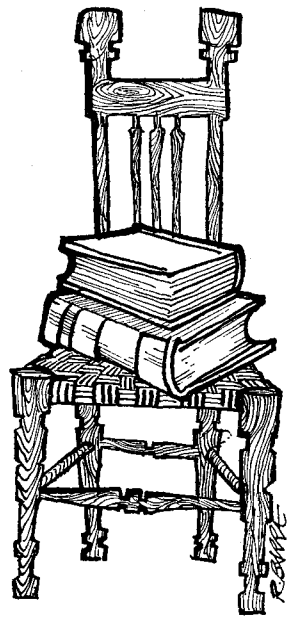
GUY DAVENPORT

The poet—"one who writes in measure," as Johnson laconically defines him—and poetess ("a she poet") have always had a rough time of it in the Republic. It has ever been their endemic luck to starve, become a Harvard professor, commit suicide, lose their reading glasses before an audience of sophomores, go upon the people *à la* Barnum, and serve as homework in state universities, where they could in nowise get a position and where their presence usually scatters the English faculty like a truant officer among the Amish. But the very worst has happened to him, and in the last couple of decades. It has been forgotten in high places what he is, and every schoolchild is taught the most godawful rot as to why he writes as he does in measure.

The things of the world are always at one's doorstep; the miseries of the American poet were nicely defined while I was on my errands this morning deep in Kentucky. At the grocer's, as I was throwing *Time* into my cart, a lady broke into a motherly smile. "Thar you go," she said, "buyin' th' magerzine book of your choice for the month: ain't it grand to read?" It was at the local paperback emporium that a teen-ager, obviously a time-server in summer school, asked for "a poem book on E. E. Cummings." The lady admirer of literacy is a guitarist and sings "Great Speckled Bird" and "The Murder of James A. Garfield" on the radio. She is, in her way, a poet; and one of the things utterly forgotten about poets is that they come in hierarchies and orders.

Edgar A. Poe and Edgar A. Guest spoke, to be very sure, from different sensibilities, but their greatest difference is that they spoke *for* different sensibilities. The young man with his poem book on E. E. Cummings will have been taught by the time this gets into print that Mr. Cummings' poems are the expression of Mr. Cummings' inward reflections and ideas. Mr. Cummings had Personality and was capable of Self Expression. He was a book author. Lord help us, he even Used Symbols. If Mr. Cummings speaks with another man's voice, as he does poem after poem, the teen-ager's teacher will explain that the poet is Undercutting with Irony.

THAT THE POET speaks for people who cannot speak, that he makes sentences for people to *say,* is as outmoded a concept in pedagogy as whacking the behind for laziness and insolence. The poet, poor fellow, has become a Personality, and the only authority for his raving is that he stands in his shoes. That pair of shoes over there: in them stands a man who for lack of Personality might be as famous as the poet.



One can think of statements that seem to explain so wry a misunderstanding of the poet as an issuer of personal pronunciamentos. Behavioral psychology, squirted into the ears of students from Head Start through the Ph.D., can account for no action not grounded in self-advancement; it follows that the poet as a voice for other people is suspect. He *must* be expressing himself, don't you see? Poor Whitman. He wrote a corpus of poems for an entire nation, to give them a tongue to unstop their inarticulateness. He wrote in their dialect, incorporating the nerve of their rhetoric and the rhythms of the Bible from which their literacy came. He wrote two elegies for Lincoln, one for grownups ("When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd") and one for school children ("O Captain! My Captain!"). He tried to understand the voiceless American and to speak for him, and as much as any poet has ever succeeded, he did. Yet he has been idiotically deposed from the fulcrum he so carefully selected. He wrote not a single personal poem and yet every word is taught to students as the self-expression of an elate disk-jockey who made his scene with a poetry book, Way Back Yonder (but still pertinent, as he used symbols and sometimes undercut with irony).

Thus the editors of *Time* have no trouble doing an article on the most significant modern American poet. Marianne Moore? Louis Zukofsky? Ezra Pound? Robert Kelly? Ronald Johnson? Robert Duncan? Naw. Robert Lowell. Mr. Lowell has, indeed, worked hard at being a poet. He has been severe in his output, and knows, with Brahms, that writing is all too easy. What's hard is to throw most of what you've written in the trashbasket. He has been smart and modern in metric and diction. And he has been bleak, agonized, and serious, terribly serious. He seems to have always had a headache. He is respected at Bennington. Mr. Pound (as *Time* does not seem to know) has read from his poems at Spoleto. And *Time* has singled him out as *the* significant poet.

And he is, if we define poetry as essentially self-expression. And if Mr. Lowell's response to the world

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were as eloquent as, say, Stan Laurel's or François Villon's or Mahalia Jackson's—that is, if there were some juice or even some mud between the toes—the report from his inwards might instruct us in grief and support us when we're doleful. One need not diminish Mr. Lowell's excellence to say what's out of joint in *Time*'s report on current American poetry; but since they set him up as representative, it is necessary to say with some firmness that he is not. He is a thoughtful, serious, melancholy academic poet; if he is representative of anything beyond himself, it is of a broody school of professor-poets whose quiet, meticulous verse is perhaps the lineal and long-winded descendant of the cross-stitch sampler.

Poets, *Time* says, are moony minded, seeing camels and bunny rabbits in clouds. (Shiver and snuggle up, dear reader, *Time* is going to walk right up to a poet, give him an Ed Sullivan hug, and get him to express himself about his self-expression.) Shelley, by golly, saw a cloud as a cloud, but never mind. "Poets," Mr. Lowell says, "are a more accepted part of society." Mr. Lowell is a Harvard professor, and would no doubt, if he taught physiology, explain to his students that the tongue is an admirable and useful organ, and that society is almost reconciled to its being a part of the body. When Ezra Pound ("the father of modern poetry," says *Time*) became a more accepted part of society, after thirteen years in the pokey where society put him in a moment of rejection, he was detained momentarily by reporters asking the usual silly questions. "Ovid had it a lot worse," he said, and while they were looking at each other's note-pads to see how to spell Ovid, he clapped his hat on his head, and walked off to take a ship to Italy.

MR. LOWELL is a poet and presumably knows his fellow poets, and when he says that they are integrated and accepted and living it up in what *Time* calls "an ambience of instant feeling," I still wonder about an excellent poet who I happen to know is a bus boy in a short-order kitchen, and another who cleans shower stalls at a gym, and another who is a janitor in a Boston tenement—all thoroughly sane and serious people whose ambitions are simply more poetical than material, but scarcely to be described as within the grateful embrace of society.

"Poetry books," *Time* assures us, "trip ever more briskly off the presses." A major American poet, whom I shall not embarrass by naming, has sought a publisher for a major work for two years now, and the hope of finding one is still thin. The poet and publisher Jonathan Williams stumps the country annually, reading, showing slides, and importuning financial sources for the wherewithal to publish American poets. His list of those to be accommodated is staggering. What *Time* ought to have said about the state of American poetry is that it is extremely diverse, bouncing and healthy, and that the public who might buy it and read it is so dismally stupid, sheepish, and tediously ignorant—I mean the less than 1 per cent of the population that buys books and the fraction of them that read them—that it is a kind of blessing that we have a single poet in the country.

The blue-haired followers of Kahlil Gibran read Dylan Thomas, their Thammuz and their Adonis. Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky, who look like the ghosts of Karl Marx and Raymond Duncan, have their raggletaggle following. As Mr. Lowell says, the world is swimming with poets. But he neglected to inform *Time* of their names, so that their readers, imagining themselves informed about American poetry, have never been quite so miserably misinformed. Louis Zukofsky is not mentioned. A simple telephone call to Henry Rago, editor of *Poetry*, would have ascertained that Zukofsky, alongside Marianne Moore and Ezra Pound, is one of the three most distinguished living American poets. And the elate and brassy Michael McClure, as American as a six-shooter, *Time* has not heard tell of him, either. Or the masterful lyricist Robert Kelly, or the visionary Ronald Johnson. Or Jonathan Williams and J. V. Cunningham, whose poems are as well made as wristwatches. The scope for educating *Time* is large; one could go on. Journalism, the purpose of which is to inform and to disseminate, isn't doing its job; neither are the schools. Thirty years of liberal twiddling with the lines of communication has made it almost impossible to broadcast anything but received propaganda.

All the arts are in the same predicament, so that what's happening in the minds that keep other minds alive and give them the courage to live is reported, if at all, in a dangerously denatured and official trickle of news. The arts can look after themselves; they are used to neglect and obfuscation. It is the people who suffer from the dullness and ignorance of the press. The diligent goddess Nemesis is an ironic old girl. Time was, the journals were literate in America and cried out for poets to grace the nation. Now the journals when they babble about poetry are illiterate, and can't even find out the poets' names.

Last of the Old School

FERDINAND MOUNT

THE LOOK-OUT MAN clambers down from his crow's-nest. Resting awhile from his visionary work, he entertains the many-headed landlubbers with a few yarns of the mates he has shipped with for 79 years and of the perilous historiographical seas they have sailed together. Arnold Toynbee comes of that race of sages who were bred in late Victorian England and whose magisterial self-confidence survives to this day. In their anecdotage, Leonard Woolf and Bertrand Russell have been pleasuring us with their stylish recollections (though Russell's refrigerated heart in the end repels). Toynbee's creaking antitheses and verbose images are not in the same class. But *Acquaintances* interestingly reflects Toynbee's own temperament in a personal footnote to *A Study of History*. →

***Acquaintances*, by Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford, $7.50**

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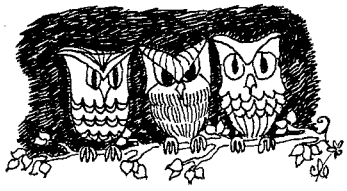
Random Notes

● Books: Those luxurious Sierra Club "Exhibit Series" picture books ($25 each) will be reprinted in paperback by Ballantine Books. First out is Eliot Porter's *In Wildness is the Preservation of the World* (September, $3.95). Also from the S.C., everybody's favorite extremist organization: *On the Loose,* a handsome nature-picture-book with calligraphed quotations from the Best Sages, assembled by rover-boys Terry and Renny Russell ($6.95). . . . Dodd-Mead announce their "Greenway Editions" of the works of Agatha Christie; first four, just published, are *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd, Crooked House, The Labours of Hercules* and *A Murder is Announced* ($3.95 each).

For grownups: *Dr. Seuss' Lost World Revisited,* a collection of the fanciful cartoons Dr. S. (Theodor Geisel) did for *Liberty* magazine before he turned to children's books (Award Books). . . . Portugal's answer to Candide, *The City and the Mountains,* written by Eca de Queiroz in 1900 and translated



many years ago by Roy Campbell, is to be published at last (Ohio State, $4.50). . . . Ultimate Coffee-Table Ornament: a dozen poems from Edith Sitwell's *Façade,* illustrated with serigraphs by Louise Nevelson (Harry N. Abrams, Fall, $1,000).

● Flicks: Two groups are squabbling over rights to film the life of Sir Francis Chichester. . . . Fox's *Planet of the Apes,* script by Rod Serling from the Pierre Boulle novel, will be in theaters early next year. . . . Shirley Jackson's *We Have Always Lived in the Castle,* one of David Merrick's bigger Broadway flops, has been sold for filming to George Schaefer, a newcomer to the business.

Box score on Sherlock Holmes movies: Billy Wilder's *The Private Life of S. H.* shoots this fall; likewise Paramount's *The Man Who Was S.H.;* MGM has screen rights to the musical *Baker Street,* but no plans announced. . . . Casualty of the Middle East unpleasantness: Dino de Laurentiis' *The Stranger,* which retreated to Italy from original shooting locations in Algeria. De Laurentiis is also doing *Anzio,* starring Robert Mitchum, Silvana Mangano and Peter Falk. . . . Dick Van Dyke and Sally Ann Howes are starring in a film of Ian Fleming's kiddie-book about a magic old car, *Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang.* . . . Can't Beat Those Yanks: Russian, Bulgarian and East German films on our atrocities in Vietnam lost out, at the recent International Short Film Festival, to American Don Lenzer's *Napalm.*

● Kultur: Rock 'n' Roll performers are not musicians, says the Bavarian government: because they merely "manipulate electronic devices," they must pay the 20 per cent amusement tax from which musicians are exempt.

His acquaintances are not the usual intellectual's circle. Toynbee seems to know no bums, no drunks, few politicians, fewer artists. His friends have been historians, civil servants, social reformers—all endowed with massive energy, selflessness and a searing sense of public duty. Toynbeeites are always halfway through some trail-blazing tome on the Dawn of the Sanskrit Commonwealth when bingo! —the call comes to an Under-Secretaryship at the Board of Trade, and scholarship must yield to the service of Empire. For Toynbee, the saddest words of tongue or pen are: It might have been published.

Professor Toynbee himself has succeeded magnificently at this double life. Though his reputation is now nibbled at by more pedantic/rigorous scholars, his hefty volumes are secure on the library shelf. He has also interviewed Hitler, investigated Turkish atrocities for the British government, invigorated the Royal Institute of International Affairs, *et cetera.* And his admiration is reserved for those of like ascetic energy. Lawrence and Barbara Hammond, the social historians, until an advanced age slept on camp-beds in an open summerhouse throughout the winter. There was never much to eat at the Tawneys'. Harry Tawney's suit was so shabby that an American friend gave him one of his own suits which fitted appallingly. When the National Union of Garment Workers wanted to make Tawney a suit in tribute to the great labor historian, Tawney absent-mindedly gave them the measurements of the illfitting suit. C. P. Scott, editor of the *Manchester Guardian,* took a cold bath by an open window every day of the year.

Toynbee affectionately teases these men and women of iron. He even points out that Beatrice and Sidney Webb were more human than popularly supposed. (They were rebuked for displaying too much affection in Japan because "Sidney had helped Beatrice to climb a hill by putting a hand in the small of her back.") But, comic as they sometimes are, these, Toynbee implies, are the people who build empires. "Civilization cannot ever be taken for granted. Its price is eternal vigilance and ceaseless spiritual effort."

For all his eagle swoops over world history, his easy sparring with the contemplative religions of the East, even his surprising humanity, the Professor remains very much a muscularly virtuous Victorian headmaster, irritated by failure, delighted

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when an alumnus makes good. Professor J. W. Mackail, classicist and civil servant, gets the Order of Merit, rah, rah. Sir Arthur Hirtzel, Britain's foremost Virgilian scholar, rises to become Permanent Under-Secretary at the Indian Office—a credit to the school. The study of the classics, as Provost Gaisford remarked, "not only elevates above the vulgar herd, but leads not infrequently to positions of considerable emolument." As Toynbee remarks, this was the Golden Age of the civil service, the apotheosis of the scholar-bureaucrats who kept the Empire going. Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive and to be a bureaucrat was very heaven. Toynbee lauds the Roman virtues as would a Roman senator. Wherever an empire is waxing—the United States, Ataturk's Turkey, industrial Japan, Hitler's Germany—he is on the spot, eager to add evidence to his theories of how civilizations tick. But the grand view is not designed to focus sharply on the little figures in the foreground. Dealing with the significant trivialities of personal lives, Toynbee is good-hearted but uneasy, almost naif.

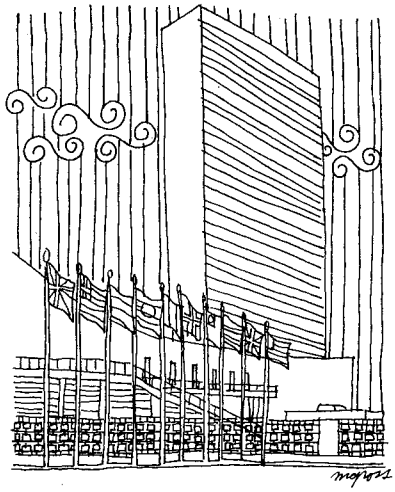
For Toynbee, history consists in the lives of great civilizations, and at a pinch, the lives of great men. *A Study of History* claims that: "Students of human life in the field of personal relations are confronted with innumerable examples of universally familiar experiences. The very idea of an exhaustive recording of them is an absurdity." In other words, seen one human situation, seen 'em all. Napoleon would have agreed, Sir Lewis Namier and his school of modern historians would not. Nor would modern sociologists. Nor would Chekhov or Joyce, or Thurber or any modern writer who believes that truth resides in the particular, rather than in audacious generalizations. That is why Toynbee and his Acquaintances are the last of the old school, confident that they know all the answers and pugnaciously ready to match those answers against all comers. Old-fashioned perhaps, but certainly tough enough to awe our nervous age.

Telling It Like It Is

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

OF ALL MAJOR political institutions outside the Communist world, none escapes public scrutiny more successfully than the United Nations Secretariat. It is ironic that this institution, intended to carry out the wishes of all mankind, should remain so far beyond the checks and balances imposed by an inquiring public, on whose behalf it supposedly acts.

Not only the inquiring public. Even all those self-important, beturbaned, sandaled, and berobed UN delegates (as well as those in more conventional dress) apparently have precious little influence, beyond their ability to add cousins and fellow nationals to the already swollen payrolls. Conor Cruise O'Brien observed that the Secretary General's Congo Advisory Committee was "much less like an advisory body than a group of innocent outsiders being taken for a guided tour."



Protected from public scrutiny by defenders who never tire of invoking that powerful incantation "World Peace," it should come as no surprise to discover that the Secretariat probably does more lying, has a more inefficient bureaucracy, and is considerably rougher on employees who buck the "organization" than most other political bodies. O'Brien, in his "this-is - going - to - hurt - me - more-than-it-is-you" case study of the Katanga affair, gave us a witty and stylish look at the gap between professed ideals and practiced truths; Bang-Jensen gave everything, including his life, to lay bare the secret inner workings of the Secretariat; now Major General Carl von Horn has exposed in merciless detail the realities of the UN "peace-keeping" force.

Soldiering For Peace, by Major General Carl von Horn. McKay, $6.95

A COMMANDER of the UN Truce Supervision team in Palestine, first UN military commander in the Congo, in charge of establishing a UN "presence" in Yemen—General von Horn has plenty to tell, and he tells it well. He begins with a sketch of his pre-UN career, which alone would give him the materials for a fascinating autobiography: he followed his father into a crack regiment of the Swedish Horse Guards, wearied of the interminable routine of drill and ceremony and transferred to the General Staff, where he became its expert on rail transport. Sweden's tortuous World War II diplomacy placed von Horn in frequent contact with Nazi and Russian officials, for whom he acquired a strong and lasting dislike. His description of the forced repatriation of 100,000 Russians from Norwegian labor camps to Russia leaves no question as to where the General's sympathies lie.

Recommended for the UN's Palestine position in 1958 by his superiors, von Horn, like O'Brien, quickly realized that the Secretariat was a far different animal in practice than on paper. Around the Secretary General there was an "exclusive inner circle that seldom numbered more than half a dozen . . . that had formed itself into a sort of club under the Presidency of the Secretary General." With equal rapidity von Horn was confronted with that bureaucratic monstrosity known as General Services, officially responsible for supplies, personnel, and administrative support, but unofficially a powerful contender for control over policy matters as well.

Hastily called to command UN military operations in the Congo, General von Horn paints a picture of incred-

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ible confusion and consistent self-delusion by both policymakers and administrators. A series of particularly revealing passages concerns UN Under Secretary Ralph Bunche. A poor administrator, as well as a bureaucratic schemer in the best UN tradition (secretly withdrawing the General's cables to New York from the circuits), Bunche is portrayed as incredibly shortsighted in such crucial matters as returning arms to the Congolese "army." (Von Horn disobeyed the order to do so, but Bunche went around him anyway.) While the General won in the matter of the messages, he sadly notes that Bunche left the Congo too early to see the tragic results of his arms decision.

THE STORY of the UN "presence" in Yemen reads like a charade to the outside observer, who recognizes that it was a desperate maneuver by the State Department to postpone the tragic consequences of its incredibly naive recognition of the Republican government. To von Horn, however, it was the last straw. Having accepted responsibility for the mission on the condition that his requests for minimum logistic and personnel support be met, he was abandoned in the middle of some of earth's most inhospitable terrain with only a fraction of the promised men and equipment. While one suspects that most of the General's idealism had long since left him, his thirst for adventure remained as strong as ever—but he was not willing to lead his men when he could not support them as promised. As the General put it to his soldiers, "It is every Commander's basic duty to look after his troops and never let them down." Being unable to do his duty, he resigned.

Soldiering for Peace is not a sophisticated or subtle book, but it makes for compelling, fascinating reading. Above all, it is the story of a Western military man who writes as clearly as he thinks. What other kind of man could pose the question, "Who in the hothouse atmosphere of New York was going to be brave enough to admit the truth—that our success [in the Congo] in saving thousands of lives had rested exclusively on Western military discipline, training, technique, and know-how or on those same qualities the new National units had inherited from the old colonial armies?"

Old Rebels in Modern Dress

THOMAS MOLNAR

IF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH were a merely human institution, the present turmoil (the Church's October Revolution, as Fr. Yves Congar calls it) would shake its foundations and would either abolish it or make it unrecognizable for "post-Catholic" ages. The Church has Christ's word that neither will happen; after a period of revitalizing the ossified parts (the Council has done it in a series of admirable documents), the Church will carry on, as before, until the day of judgment.

Meanwhile the internal work of destruction is reaching tremendous proportions. Needless to detail here its spectacular inroads, but it is essential that great Catholic writers examine its inspiration. Jacques Maritain did it recently in *Le Paysan de la Garonne,* now under scornful attack by progressive Catholics. Yet Maritain did not write a systematic exposé. The task has been taken up by Dietrich von Hildebrand, whose intellectual past, unlike Maritain's, is unbroken and whose orthodoxy is both luminous and broad. While Maritain's book makes difficult reading for the ordinary layman, Hildebrand's has the advantage of dealing in short chapters and in accessible terms with all the problems that are likely to concern the layman in the post-Conciliar period. The end product is not a volume of popularization but of intelligent restoration, which all may read with profit.

Hildebrand knows that in times of Church crisis at least one sector of Christians always remains relatively unaffected by the disease. This is no doubt the work of Christ's protective hand which, in such instances, either raises a strong Pope, inspires a saint or a great doctor, or, last but not least, extends special aid to masses of laymen. The layman's sturdy resistance to the speculative excesses of the intellectuals restored sanity once before, in the time of the Arian heresy; strong Popes did the same in the eleventh, twelfth, and sixteenth centuries; the saints at all times. It seems that it is now again the laity's turn.

THE QUESTION IS: can we count on Hildebrand's book to help bring this about? His objective, which quite naturally he does not announce but which permeates his whole approach, is to dispel the confusion in the ordinary Catholic's mind. Preoccupied with the problems and difficulties of daily living, the layman comes into contact with a number of baffling and scandalous, but *seemingly* unconnected episodes, whether in the liturgy, in the behavior of priests and nuns, or among theologians who seek the limelight through bombshell statements. Confusion is the worst state to be in, and those causing it are merciless, self-seeking souls. Hence it is the task of charitable men like Hildebrand to show Catholics the way out of confusion, that is, to *connect* the isolated phenomena, examine how the common mentality from which they spring leads to common conclusions, explain their links with past errors and heresies, and finally reassure the faithful that the progressives are *déjà vus*—old rebels in modernistic garb.

HILDEBRAND believes and understands his faith so deeply that the

***The Trojan Horse in the City of God,* by Dietrich von Hildebrand. Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago, $4.95**

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reader finds in him an eminently reliable mentor. Never rigid, he understands all positions and possesses the philosophical subtlety to demonstrate, and the wide culture to illustrate, truth and error. He does it in an abstract way first, but immediately adds the existential part, relevant to the details of life. The first section in particular, "True and False Renewal," settles, in short and precise passages, some of the artificial controversies started by shallow minds. Hildebrand explains here the true and false meaning of reform, the non-applicability of Hegelian dialectics to the concept of truth, the difference between truth and mere reaction to past errors, the notion of incomplete truth (which is not, for that matter, erroneous), the need to preserve truth even if the traditional arguments in its favor are imperfect.

THESE ARE NOT ONLY passages of immense value, standing as they do, alas, almost alone today in the scorched field of non-thinking and non-belief; the style of exposition too is remarkable, maintaining a poised balance between pedantry and looseness. Like *Le Paysan de la Garonne*, Hildebrand's book is also written by a man far more up-to-date on science, politics, psychology and literature than the Rahners, Küngs and Robinsons. Not only is Hildebrand's classical culture a safe guide in his scrutiny of modern times, but precisely because he does not believe, like these apostles of modernity, in the superiority of one century over another, he feels duty bound to examine all trends, not only the progressive ones. He is not impressed, like Rahner, Dewart or Cox, by "the man of the atomic age"; unlike them, he sees the flaws of the secular city because he sees beyond it.

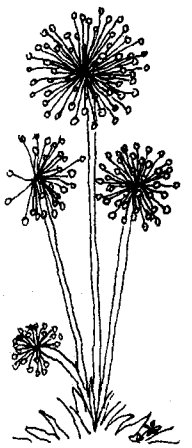
Each chapter of the book deals with a particular folly, and there are twenty-nine chapters. Readers will find the clarification they have been looking for, but I wonder whether they may not lack the thread to string these explanations together. Hildebrand writes in a simple and clearly reasoning style, but he takes for granted an educational level and a strong faith which provide the link, hence the unity of the book. Without such depth of faith and culture some readers may still wonder who introduced the Trojan horse into the City of God, and why.

What Manner of Book Is This?

JOAN ZOLA

CAN THERE BE any good reason for the appearance of yet another general history of the Middle Ages, after all that has been written on the subject? There might be, if the author has come up with new data or a fresh interpretation; if he has the ability to present a thrice-told tale with new clarity and vigor; or even if he is simply a master stylist capable of painting a striking word picture of the period.

Unfortunately, *The Birth of Europe* possesses none of these assets. The author, Chairman of Medieval Studies at Yale, states in the foreword that his book will trace the "formation of Europe" through the Middle Ages, emphasizing the period's economic development and touching briefly on other facets of medieval life. The specialist in medieval history will find nothing essentially new here. A few remarks here and there, such as brief comparisons of conditions in medieval Asia and Europe, and a discussion of the possible influence of climatic conditions and changes on primitive economies and populations, are tantalizing but are not developed. Debatable conclusions are given without argument or evidence.



A few topics are very well presented, such as the tenth-century beginnings of the "commercial revolution" and the later flourishing of towns and business enterprises. Here the author warms to his subject (he was formerly a professor of economic history in his native Italy) and provides us with a stimulating glance at a frequently slighted aspect of medieval life. Most of the book, however, is given over to a pedestrian recounting of the main events and themes of the Middle Ages in which nothing fresh emerges. The medieval specialist might wish Professor Lopez had confined himself to a somewhat smaller book dealing exclusively with economic history (or even to an article or two), since that seems to be where his real interest and competence lie. But this is clearly not a book for the specialist.

The Birth of Europe, by Robert S. Lopez. Lippincott, $15.00

IS IT A BOOK for the general reader? Here again, it is not entirely satisfactory. Such an ambitious treatment of the years from the fourth century to the fourteenth must necessarily gallop headlong through a mass of historical data (as the author warns us in his foreword) and substitute brief statements of What Happened and the Reason Why for the rich detail of medieval life. This is not the stuff of history; it is the barest framework.

The general reader, then, will be likely to find such a wealth of conclusions and dearth of detailed evidence merely confusing if not boring. The confusion is heightened by occasional allusions which assume a knowledge on the part of the reader which he will not necessarily possess. The author sometimes adds the irritation of remarking, "As everyone knows . . ." or "Who does not know? . . .". The discussion of differences between Roman law and common law is fuzzy, as is the distinction between Guelf and Ghibelline. On commerce and the towns, however, as mentioned earlier, the book is excellent. It also contains a good discussion of feudalism and a common-sense analysis of it as a system. In dealing with concrete, material facts, the author's sympathetic interest enables him to put life into his account. His sympathy does not seem to extend, however, to the intellectual and cultural sphere, which gets somewhat shorter shrift than it deserves even in a work emphasizing the economic. After all, this is supposed to be a book about the formation of Europe—not about the development of the European economy alone.

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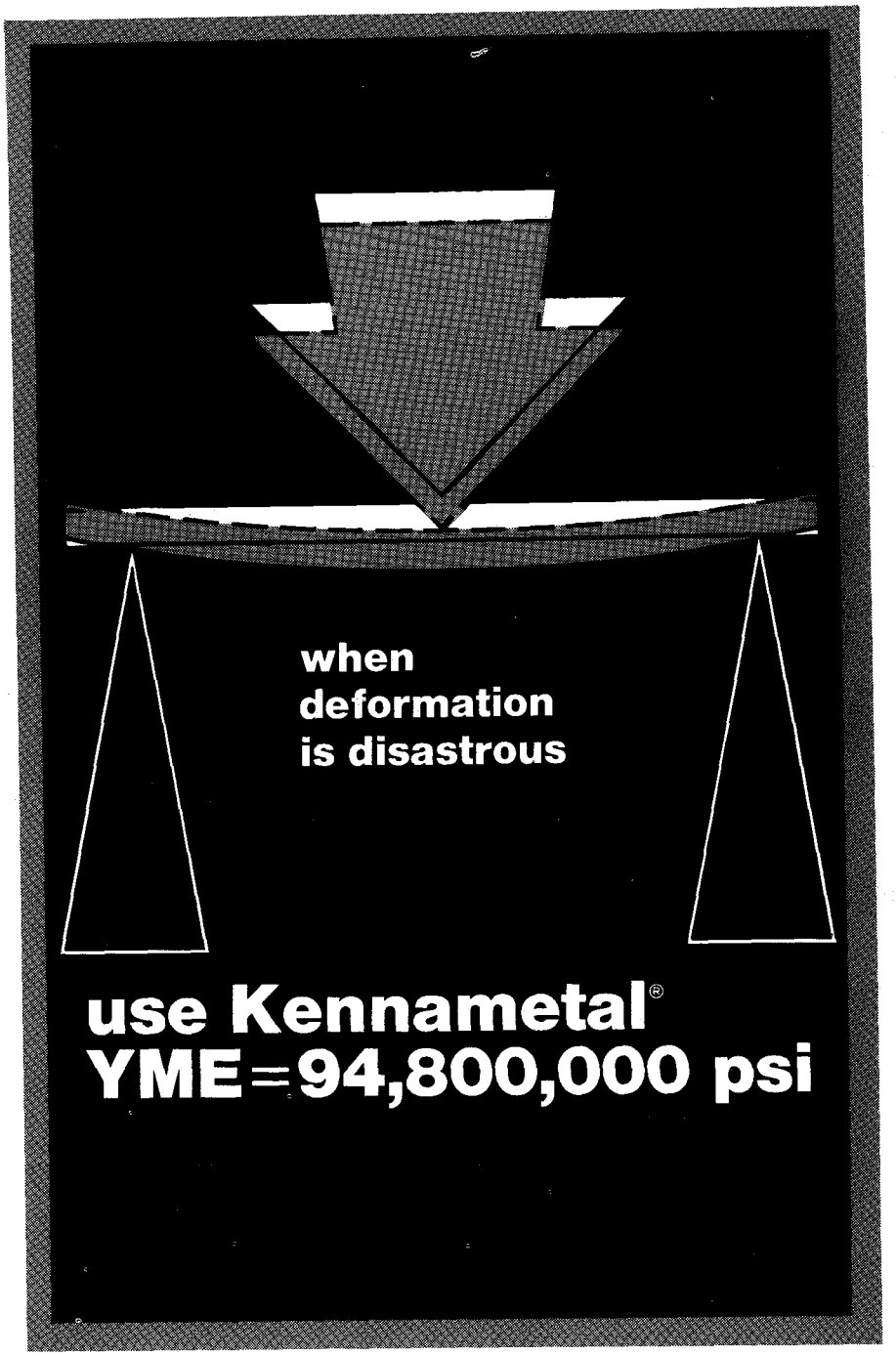
One of the best features of the book is its many maps, placed reasonably close to the sections of the text they illustrate and adding a great deal to the brief discussions. All in all, however, this is simply too large and unsatisfying a chunk of historical summarizing for the general reader. I use the term "general reader" with misgiving, because it inevitably reminds me of Mort Sahl's lampoon of "the common man." However, the term seems the best choice for the intelligent, discriminating reader who is not a specialist in medieval history, who perhaps has some general notions of the period, and who is interested in acquiring a taste for, as well as an interpretation of, the Middle Ages. Rather than turning to *The Birth of Europe,* he might begin with something like the excellent, well written medieval sections in *A History of Civilization* by Brinton, Christopher and Wolff, which present the period in all its richness and variety and include select bibliographies of various types of historical writing. Then there are the classic works by Dawson, Pirenne, Taylor, et al., which take up more digestible segments of this thousand-year period, and are therefore more satisfying than the present work.

If *The Birth of Europe* is adequate for neither the specialist nor the general reader, for whom was it published? I suspect that in its present edition (it was published originally in Europe) it was designed for the art book market, that is, for the consumer rather than the reader of books. Oversized, with wide margins to make it even more so, sumptuously illustrated with maps, drawings, color and black and white plates, expensive, it is the typical "gift book." Even here, however, there is a fly in the ointment. Granted that "art books" are not so much read as looked at, they are still meant to be good examples of the bookmaker's art. *The Birth of Europe* is one of its sloppiest examples. When I first began to read it, I thought it had been put together by a mad typesetter who would be found out and replaced before I had gone much further. He was



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still going strong, though, practically to the end of the book. The text abounds in printing errors that reflect the man's mad hatred of words: words misspelled, words run together, truncated words, words with missing letters; Hugh Capet becomes Hugh Copet at one point, a villein is a villien from one sentence to the next. Punctuation is highly original. For $15, one expects better. I would trade a goodly number of the book's luxurious illustrations for a decently printed text in a uniform format; besides the innumerable printing mistakes, the text is printed in normal paragraphs interspersed, for unknown reasons, with indented, closely spaced paragraphs. Since these neither summarize nor highlight important points, their only function seems to be break up both the page and the reader's concentration.

I CLING to the mad typesetter theory, partly because I do not want to think that Professor Lopez writes as badly as he seems to in this book. True, the book is a translation. But did he approve it? Did he even read it? Grammatical errors and capricious shifts of tense are sprinkled liberally throughout the work, along with stylistic horrors, such as descriptions of things as "very varied" and "very variable." But enough; this book probably should not have been either written or printed. That both have been done poorly is a double disappointment.

Records

Cry from the Abyss

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

THE SECRET OF ART is to be able to count to four and get five, and make it stick. It is to set up a pattern, one two three four, and when you have your audience well in hand let them understand that after four there comes four and a little bit, and if they are patient and good they shall have five in due course. Where there had been four, which they would have understood without you, there is now something more than four, although the oompah oompah beat has not been destroyed—and if art is in good form the audience will tag along and say yes, there is a good deal more in one two three four than we might have dreamt of under our own steam, and thank you very much.

Johannes Brahms: The Trios for Piano, Violin, and Cello. Istomin, Stern, Rose. Columbia M2L360/M2S760

Igor Stravinsky: Symphony in E Flat, Opus 1. The Columbia Symphony conducted by Igor Stravinsky. Columbia MS6989/ML6389

That has been the understanding of artists until very recent times, and it has been the secret of the lasting popularity of artists who have sought to communicate their ideas. The fact of communication rides upon abstractions such as oompah oompah, and takes flesh and blood in such concrete things as the choice of key and mode and tempo and the succession of melodic notes and harmonic castings. But to establish the framework is to accept other people's notions, which they no doubt have accepted blindly from the past: it is to be "conservative" in the generic sense; otherwise there is no communicating with them.

BRAHMS THE COMPOSER presents us with the archetype of the artist who knows perfectly well that he has something original to contribute and who knows just as perfectly that it would be a crime for him to try to say it in such a way as to destroy the possibility of communication. He sticks to the forms—and for the very best reason of all, because they are important. Through the forms,

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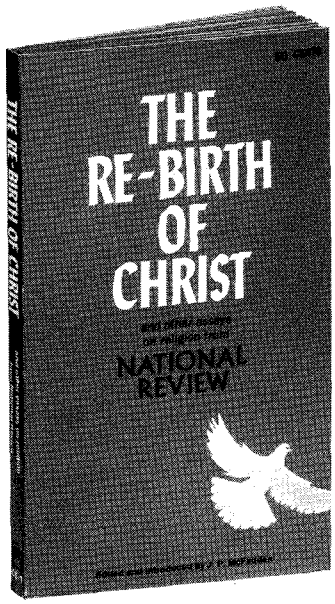

In addition to keeping a copy of this information-packed book handy on your own book shelf, you will think of many friends who will want to read it. By all means, see that your minister or priest gets a copy. It collects the finest writing — and most persuasive arguments — you will find anywhere. Read all about it.

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Is God Dead?

• No controversy in modern times has generated more heat than the "God is dead" debate touched off by England's Bishop John Robinson (with whom California's Bishop James Pike spent considerable time shortly before giving up his diocese). Here Harold O. J. Brown — who is well-remembered by NR readers for his brilliant "The Protestant Deformation," takes apart the Bishop's thesis and strikes through to the heart of the matter. Then Sir Arnold Lunn, a world-famous Catholic layman (who knows personally many of the principal figures), gives a first-hand account of who and what is involved, and what is at stake.

• In a thoroughgoing discussion of the Vatican Council, you will read the late Evelyn Waugh's memorable "The Same Again, Please," which places the council in its proper historical setting. Then Will Herberg, Thomas Molnar, Brent Bozell and Alice-Leone Moats take up the more controversial problems raised by Pope John's "sudden inspiration." (You will especially enjoy Miss Moats' "Some of the Pope's Problems," a sympathetic essay on Pope Paul's difficulties with John's council.)

How "Modern" Can Christians Be?

• A section of the birth control issue is a perfect example of the serious disagreements "renewal" has brought about among Christians themselves. Wm. F. Buckley Jr., Garry Wills and Brent Bozell slug it out in debate of issues that range from personal morality to world politics.

• The Christian in the modern world is the subject of five probing essays, from Will Herberg's "Conservatism, Liberalism and Religion" to Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's thought-provoking "The Christian Social Sentimentalist." Most timely is Herberg's analysis of whether the current civil rights movement has a religious "right" to violate the law.

• All this — and much more. There are important chapters by Jeffrey Hart (author of "The American Dissent"), Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Russell Kirk *plus* Marvin R. O'Connell's hilarious "Gnostics on a Train."

We say again: you will read and *reread* this book — and you will want your friends to read it too. Take advantage of this opportunity to get an extra FREE copy *now*. Use the coupon at right today:

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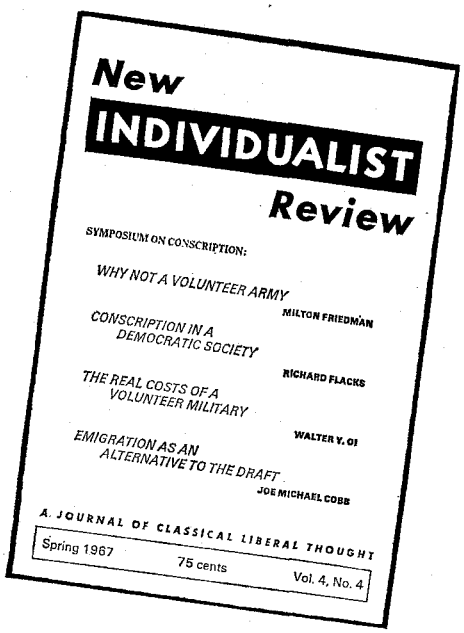
DOES A MAN OWE MILITARY DUTY TO HIS COUNTRY?



Or has service obligation become an excuse for totalitarian inroads against individual freedom? Could the United States rely upon a volunteer army? Has the Government needlessly enslaved millions of young men for twenty years?

These and other challenging questions are examined in the Spring 1967 issue of *NEW INDIVIDUALIST REVIEW, A Journal of Classical Liberal Thought.* Send for a copy of this special issue today—only 75¢ (two for $1.30), or begin a subscription with this issue (one year,$3.00).

WRITE: New Individualist Review
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through the established system of communication, one may say something new. So trite it sounds, and so difficult it is. Generation after generation of shallow minds will say that Brahms was a mongolian throwback musician; meanwhile every symphony orchestra will play Brahms. It is, at the very least, difficult to find good workmanship these days. Istomin, Stern, and Rose, whom I have admired one by one for years, put their musicianship at the service of one of the great masters, and the reading they give of the Trios is idiomatic, relaxed, "just so."

Twenty-six years after Brahms revised his youthful First Trio, Igor Stravinsky (working under Rimsky) brought out his Opus 1, a symphony. Brahms waited thirty years to write his first symphony; he and Stravinsky differed certainly. Stravinsky's first opus gives heartfelt thanks to Rimsky, is gorgeous and dynamic, rises to a wonderful slow calculated oriental climax in the third, the slow, movement, and dashes away in a sprint of color and folkrhythm. Harbingers of the later Stravinsky abound. But throughout there is the respect for the medium. Early and late, Stravinsky was the Brahms of his time. Stravinsky once said: "As for myself, I experience a sort of terror if I sit down to work and find an infinity of possibilities open to me. If all are open, the best and the worst, there is no resistance. . . . Need I throw myself into an abyss of liberty? What can I grasp to avoid the dizziness that comes over me when I face these infinite possibilities? I will not succumb to it. I can conquer my terror. . . . I know that the twelve notes in each octave and the varieties of rhythm offer me opportunities that all of human genius will never exhaust. I am saved from the anguish into which I was plunged by unconditional liberty by the faculty of addressing and confining myself to these concrete things." Stravinsky goes on to quote Baudelaire on the creative utility of rules, syntax, form, and rhetoric.

Stravinsky conducts his charming youthful symphony very nicely. His latest works, done a half-century after this symphony, exhibit his regard for the craftsman and his disdain for mere flair. He has become in his old age, as Brahms became in his and Beethoven in his and Mozart (God bless him) in what was given him of his—he has become austere. It is the wisest thing to be.

What other choices are there? Well, I shall quote from a recent score of the composer named John Cage. He composes the following: "Six squares of transparent material, one having points of four sizes. The 13 very small ones are single sounds, the 7 small but larger ones are 2 sounds; the 3 of greater size are three sounds; the four largest 4 or more sounds. Pluralities are played together as 'constellations.'. . ."

Cage concludes this "composition" by nonspecifying that it may be played by "any number of performers, any kind and number of instruments." Surely this is the abyss of liberty without law, which can be avoided only, as Brahms and Stravinsky knew, by subordinating oneself to one's material.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY: *Three Essays on Ideology and Development,* by Raymond Aron. (Praeger, $4.96). Dry and salty as a fresh cracker, Professor Aron pursues his mission of hunting down clichés of contemporary thought. Marxism bit the dust in *The Opium of the Intellectuals.* The chief baddies in this short collection of essays: Walt Rostow's theory of how underdeveloped countries "take off" into the industrialized stratosphere, the "convergence" theory that the U.S. and the Soviet Union are bound to come to resemble each other more and more closely, and the "fashionable malady of alienation." Aron argues that to infer any but the most tentative general rules about the behavior of nations and economies leads only to blindness and error. Aron's scepticism has been

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denounced by the Left as melancholy pessimism, but *NR* readers may find it refreshing. The book contains hardly a silly sentence—a rare claim for a politico-economic polemic. Words of warning: Aron writes in that involved intellectualese, bred exclusively in French Academe. Well-honed machetes are needed to hack through the abstractions. Also in so short a book is it giving the reader value for money to summarize the Marxist theory of history twice and to repeat the destruction of poor old Walt? F. MOUNT

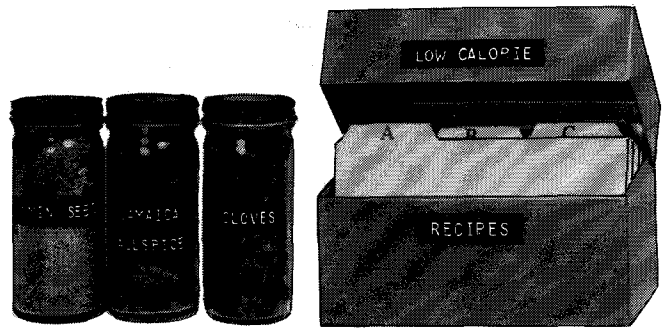
IN THE CLUTCHES OF HOMO AND SAPIENCE, by Mark Graubard. T. S. Denison & Co., $2.45 (paperback). The Absurdists (among others) are clobbered with their own club in these mind-rambles of a gentle bedlamite. His fellow-inmates trumpet all the cherished intellectual shibboleths of our indeed absurd age; Education, Enlightenment, Alienation, Science, Progress, Reason and all the rest flourish in the madhouse-microcosm like strange monstrous plants. They are reduced to genuine absurdity because Something (*right* reason? You figure it out . . .) is missing. Dr. Graubard (who teaches science at the University of Minnesota and therefore knows all about madhouses) neatly avoids finger-pointing, moral-mongering and tub-thumping; he nudges gently, arches an eyebrow occasionally, has fun with it all and pauses every so often for a sweet restful moment in the bosom of Nature. Romp along with him.

C. H. SIMONDS

THE STARS: A NEW WAY TO SEE THEM, by H. A. Rey (Houghton, $6.00). Mr. Rey's classic, first published in 1952, now enters the eighth printing of the revised edition. Mr. Rey amply fulfills the promise in his opening statement: "This book is meant for people who want to know just enough about the stars to be able to go out at night and find the major constellations, for the mere pleasure of it." Guided by his readily grasped diagrams, you can't miss. In addition, the planetary tables tell you where to find the planets every month from now through 1975. The star-gazer's indispensable Baedeker. E. MERRITT

George bought it for his workshop...

...and told his wife!



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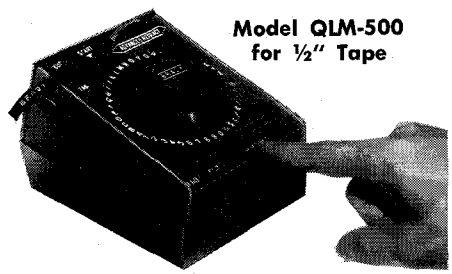

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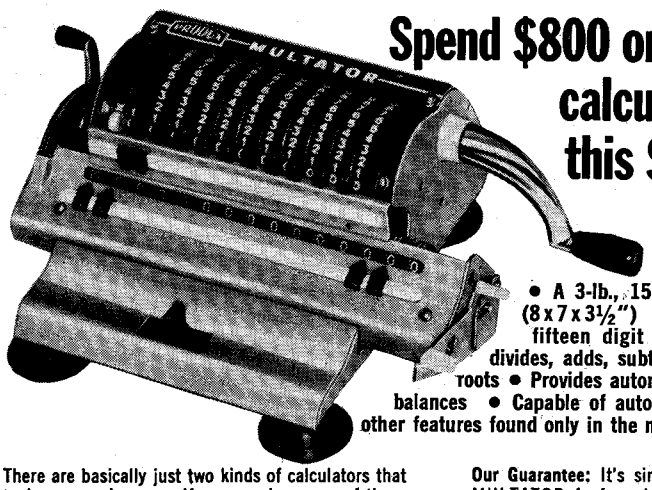

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UTLEY

(Continued from p. 848)

what the state-controlled press, radio and television tell them." Is the situation here in America very much different? How many Americans know the Arab side of the question? Perhaps the only valuable function performed by the UN has been that thanks to radio and TV the Arab case has been heard in America as never before.

Conservatives are still playing their part in helping Soviet Russia win friends and influence people in the Arab world. But the liberals must be accounted as mainly instrumental in distorting or obscuring the facts with regard to the Middle East today, as yesterday in China. As George Orwell wrote long ago: "On the Palestine issue it was *de rigueur* among enlightened people to accept the Jewish case as proved and avoid examining the claims of the Arabs . . . Socialists and liberals have found themselves supporting the principle of self-determination for the indigenous population everywhere in the world except Palestine."

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 830)

not. We suggest reader McGhee exorcise his rhetorical demons with Robbie Burns's song:

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But och, it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

—ED.

Pseudosummitry?

I was surprised that your last issue accepted the Glassboro show as a "summit meeting." Every student of Soviet affairs has long known that Brezhnev is the No. 1 man in the Kremlin. As Henry Taylor recently pointed out, Kosygin's position has been so weakened lately that he can no longer be regarded even as No. 2.

Hence the Glassboro meeting was just a pseudo-summit staged to reinflate President Johnson's image by the government press agents and their numerous allies in the mass news media. Here in New York City, not a single discordant note was seen or heard exposing the hoax. But one would have hoped for something better from NATIONAL REVIEW.

New York, N.Y. EILEEN WOOD

Hark the Herald

In your July 11, 1967 issue, under "For the Record," I read your report that Brown University was planning to withdraw $1 million from Chase Manhattan.

On June 5, 1967, the *Brown Daily Herald* was printed with a front-page story of the withdrawal of university funds from the Chase. If you based your story on this source, a mistake was made and a grave injustice was done both to the administration of the school and to Brown University in general. Hidden on page four of the issue in question was a small paragraph indicating that all the news on the front page was conceived as a hoax, by the past year's editors.

St. Louis, Mo. JOSEPH A. WOTKA

No Deal?

In his engaging analysis of the political forces currently at work on the Presidential scene [June 13], Professor Henry Paolucci cites the alliance of Texas liberals with Republicans to elect Senator Tower as a program for conservatives in the Presidential election next year. (As a former newsman and political/labor writer I can assure Professor Paolucci that the liberals' and AFL-CIO's claims in this respect were not mere "face-saving.") But in failing to focus on the individual candidates, he has missed a crucial point: Although they disagreed with Senator Tower's political views, Texas liberals could admire and respect him as a man of principle and integrity, as indeed they admired and respected Goldwater. (In 1964 Texas liberals had made, at one point, a similar, though abortive effort to repudiate Johnson in Texas by voting for Goldwater. The supporters of Senator Ralph Yarborough repeatedly gave covert assistance to the Goldwater campaign.)

In our seemingly analogous situation it is different. After so carefully documenting our case that Johnson was and is a thoroughly corrupt, dishonest and unprincipled politician, how can we ally ourselves with him without ourselves becoming smeared with his corruption? If it were a mere matter of political and ideological difference of view, the idea would make more sense. But our demands for morality and integrity in government would never again have their shining ring of purity and conviction if we fail to oppose Lyndon Baines Johnson for any position of public trust and responsibility. And we may trust the national press to make sure that any ideological reasons for such a coalition will be muddied and confused to the point that they cease to exist. We will be left ideologically confused and morally bereft.

New York, N.Y. MACK M. BRALY

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. French composer, 1875-	16 6 148 78 184 31 161
B. For the good of the the country (French)	20 2 12 32 15 47 60 79 100 102 109
C. An old country-dance in quick duple meter	1 125 115 87 190 17 153 178 49
D. Seaport on the Persian Gulf, familiar to philatelists	48 159 38 88 180
E. Italian opera tenor, 1890-	64 94 57 149 33 142
F. Type of bear, fern, rose, stone, teal, or vine	71 39 7 112 151 18 101 168
G. Favorite historian of American mailmen	83 8 50 34 103 66 145 170 25
H. Tungsten	132 165 40 80 9 23 107
I. Lover of Narcissus famous for double-talk	136 22 69 106
J. To irritate or provoke	144 133 11 128 63 95
K. City in North Carolina named for Alphonse's friend	5 186 51 154 124 35 59 81
L. A disease of rye and other cereal grasses	58 90 113 13 52
M. A machine used in working metal, wood, etc.	152 53 82 26 19
N. Appliance used to make certain batter cakes	166 10 65 76 181 192 21 30 73 98

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Example of "practical" joke	176 169 164 131 172 77 191
P. The official language of Birobizhan	189 91 55 104 70 36 110
Q. Blandly urbane	28 173 84 187 137 61
R. Greek historian, fifth century before Christ	44 4 46 89 155 163 167 99 108 123
S. Where a treaty was signed, 1714	74 171 85 127 3 72 179
T. What Richard was asked to open (in a song)	96 45 177 75
U. A member of a Pima Indian people of Sonora, Mexico	129 97 158 117 37
V. Employers	146 41 118 121 175 86
W. Enraged	160 67 27 42 122
X. A crocus having showy purple flowers	105 29 92 119 135 138 24
Y. Melancholy (French)	114 139 93 188 56 147
Z. An additional unit of play for breaking a tie (sports)	116 185 140 156 150 111 193 174
a. Precipitation	120 62 126 14 68 134 141 157 183
b. River in Russian Asia, flowing to Arctic	43 162 54 130 194 182 143

See page 829 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 C	2 B	3 S	4 R	■	5 K	6 A	7 F	8 G	9 H	10 N	11 J	12 B	13 L	14 a	■	15 B
16 A	■	17 C	18 F	19 M	20 B	21 N	22 I	23 H	24 X	25 G	■	26 M	27 W	28 Q	■	29 X	■
30 N	31 A	32 B	33 E	34 G	35 K	36 P	37 U	38 D	39 F	40 H	41 V	42 W	43 b	■	44 R	45 T	■
46 R	47 B	48 D	49 C	50 G	51 K	52 L	53 M	54 b	55 P	■	56 Y	57 E	58 L	■	59 K	60 B	61 Q
62 a	63 J	64 E	■	65 N	66 G	67 W	■	68 a	69 I	70 P	71 F	72 S	■	73 N	74 S	75 T	■
76 N	77 O	78 A	79 B	80 H	81 K	82 M	83 G	84 Q	85 S	86 V	■	87 C	88 D	89 R	90 L	91 P	92 X
93 Y	94 E	95 J	96 T	■	97 U	98 N	99 R	■	100B	101F	■	102B	103G	104P	■	105X	106I
107H	108R	109B	110P	111Z	112F	113L	■	114Y	115C	■	116Z	117U	118V	■	119X	120a	121V
122W	■	123R	124K	125C	126a	127S	128J	129U	■	130b	131O	■	132H	133J	■	134a	135X
136I	■	137Q	138X	■	139Y	140Z	141a	142E	143b	144J	■	145G	146V	147Y	■	148A	149E
150Z	151F	152M	153C	154K	155R	■	156Z	157a	158U	159D	160W	161A	162b	163R	■	164O	165H
■	166N	167R	168F	■	169O	170G	171S	■	172O	173Q	174Z	175V	■	176O	177T	178C	179S
180D	181N	182b	■	183a	184A	185Z	186K	187Q	■	188Y	189P	190C	191O	192N	193Z	194b	■

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HERBERG

(Continued from p. 846)

paradisal naiveté, would encourage this illusion of primal innocence in us and in mankind, an illusion so appealing that we are forever falling into it even without encouragement. The hippie spectacle is a kind of Medusa head; but it will turn those who gaze upon it without adequate protection not into stone images, but into fools and simpletons.

Perhaps the most shattering comment on the hippie love-mystique was made long in advance by that well-known protagonist of the Old Left, V. I. Lenin. It is a familiar hippie slogan, as an expression of love, love, love, that "if it moves, fondle it. . ." Keep this in mind. An ancedote is recalled about Lenin, years before the Revolution. Lenin was passionately fond of classical music; and, one day, as he was listening to something from Beethoven, his favorite composer, he turned to his companion, and said: "What greatness, what beauty, men have produced. One feels like patting them on the head for such marvelous achievements. . . ." Then, suddenly, he caught himself and exclaimed: "But be careful! They'll bite your hand off!"

Saint Augustine somewhere says very much the same thing. And when Augustine and Lenin agree on something, it is surely a something well worth taking note of.

MEYER

(Continued from p. 856)

analysis as essential for national survival in the 1970s.

1) An immediate crash program to install a full anti-ballistic missile system, in order to save the lives of at least 50 million Americans in case of attack and to make our second-strike deterrent policy credible.

2) Full-scale upgrading of missile and plane delivery capacity and of the megaton yield of our warheads, in order to equal and surpass potential Soviet megatonnage for 1971, which is projected on the basis of present policies as 30,000-50,000 megatons against 5,000-15,000 megatons for the United States.

3) Immediate revision of the nuclear test-ban treaty and the resumption of nuclear testing to catch up with the Soviet knowledge gained from the 1961 and 1962 tests, which may have given them capabilities of seriously crippling our ICBM retaliatory force and which certainly have placed them far ahead in anti-ballistic missile defense and multi-megaton weaponry.

4) Meeting the Soviet challenge in the military utilization of space, an area where our present enormous expenditures are overwhelmingly non-military.

Nothing less than these actions would seem to be consonant with the imperatives of national defense.

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WANTED: editorial help in preparing a book based on the significant speeches of the late Senate James A. Reed. Write to box E.

WANTED Alert office boy with driver's license for general "Guy Friday" duties with research department of conservative organization located in Manhattan. Write to NR Box A listing daytime phone number.

HARD-WORKING EMPLOYEES NEEDED for circulation operation of conservative magazine. Wide range of positions open and ready to be filled with qualified people. Salary, age and experience requirements vary for different positions.. Must be NYC area residents. Send information and/or resume **plus business-hour telephone number** to Job Opportunity, NR, Box 600.

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facilities, write or phone Leon Weil, Steiner Rouse & Co., 122 E. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017, MU 2-0300. Member of the N.Y. Stock Exchange.

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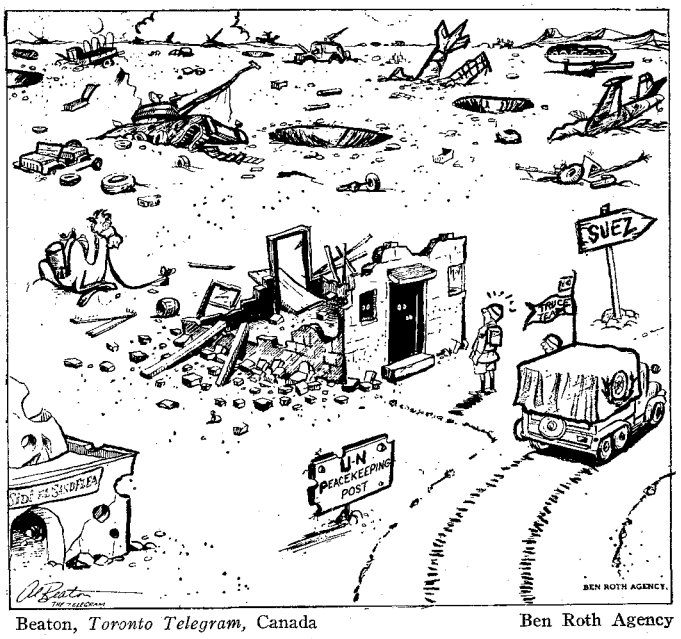
FOR THE RECORD

■ For the Record: 92 per cent of the small businesses burned, looted or ruined during the **Watts** riots of 1965, have never reopened, according to Ted Watkins, head of the Watts Labor Community Action. . . . First two suspected snipers arrested in **Detroit** have been held in $200,000 bond; they will be charged with "assault with intent to commit murder." . . . **Martin Luther King Jr.** agreed President **Johnson** was right to send federal troops to Detroit because "there's no question that when a riot erupts it has to be halted." . . . Interesting sidelight: in last **Gallup** poll on Negro situation, 44 per cent of Negroes said Negroes were treated as well as white people in their community; only 53 per cent believed they were treated less well (73 per cent of whites believe Negroes get same treatment as whites.) . . . Betting in Washington is that Poverty Czar **Sargent Shriver** won't last out the year in his present job. He's the last of the inner **Kennedy** entourage still in LBJ employ. Rumor persists he'll run for governor of Illinois in '68.

■ France very interested in outcome of Mrs. **Tshombe**'s habeas corpus appeal to United Nations Commission on Human Rights. If UN accepts her petition, French authorities might go to UN in attempt to get French journalist **Regis Debray** released from Bolivian prison. Debray is awaiting trial as guerrilla. . . . Other possible applicants for world habeas corpus treatment: various Ivory Coast and Guinean diplomats now residing in house detention in each other's countries. Only last month, Ivory Coast seized Guinea Foreign Minister **Lansana Beovogui,** when his plane touched down in Abidjan en route to a UN meeting. It was in retaliation for **Sékou Touré**'s seizure of an Ivory Coast fishing vessel months before.

■ Arab **oil production** was nearly back to normal in third week of July—9.3 million barrels of oil a day as against nearly ten million before the Mideast war, but delivery still critical. Before crisis 3.5 million barrels went through Suez Canal daily. . . . Trip from Persian Gulf to Europe is 4,800 miles longer, takes sixteen more days, is $20,000 more costly than trip through Canal. . . . Ironic: much of the food used to revictual ships stopping at Cape Town, Durban and Port Elizabeth, has been rushed south from **Rhodesia.** . . . Spotted at **Cape Town** dock just last week, the freighter *Ferdinand de Lesseps.*

■ Communist *Worker* claims there's no truth in *N.Y. Times* report that Communist Party was not invited to **Martin Luther King-Benjamin Spock-Tom Hayden-Julian Bond** New Politics Conference (Aug. 31-Sept. 4). Conference called to determine how militant pacifists will swing politically in '68. . . . **Dick Gregory** announcement that he will run for Presidency as peace candidate not welcomed by former ADA chief **Joseph Rauh Jr.** who calls it "ludicrous." Last time out, in write-in-contest in Chicago mayoralty contest this spring, Gregory got 2 per cent of the vote. . . . **Edward Keating,** formerly of *Ramparts,* will enter Democratic primary in California in contest for congressional seat of the late Rep. **J. Arthur Younger,** a Republican. Vote should indicate importance of peacenik movement in key San Francisco area. . . . Wisconsin's new primary law which permits voters to register "no" when only one candidate in a party is running in Presidential primary could indicate how great is Wisconsin voter dissatisfaction with **Lyndon Johnson.** What could save Johnson? Decision by **George Wallace** to run in Wisconsin as Democrat. . . . Only agitation by Sen. **Karl Mundt** (R., S. D.) forced Commerce Department to recall license for export of "gravity meter" to Poland. Gravity meter in question could have helped Russia improve the accuracy of its guided missiles. Story dug out by *Chicago Tribune*'s **Willard Edwards.**



Beaton, *Toronto Telegram,* Canada — Ben Roth Agency

"Hey! We're back, folks! Miss us?"

■ Worth waiting for? Capsule train started hauling passengers to top of Saarinen's Gateway Arch in St. Louis on July 25 — just eight years after the first tickets were sold for the ride.

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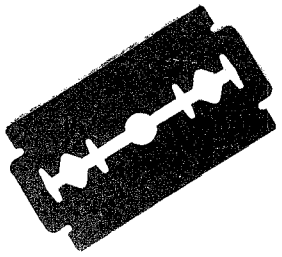
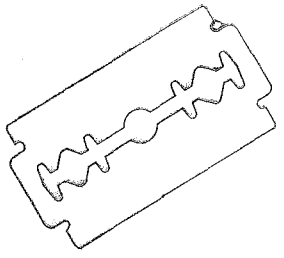
End of the Blues:



Blue two timer

"Cheap" carbon steel blades give most men only 1 or 2 shaves. They seem cheaper, but actually cost more per shave.



Spoiled me too-er

The "Me too-er" brand reluctantly followed Schick's American leadership in stainless steel, but massive advertising cannot overcome the comfort of the molecular Miron® coating on the Krona edge.

Lasting Friend

With stainless steel technology initially developed in our Swedish Plant, Schick Science perfected the famous thousand foot strop, the molecular Miron® Coating, and the Krona® Comfort Edge to assure your consistent comfort shave after shave. They're Lasting Friends– the kind you'll always feel comfortable with.

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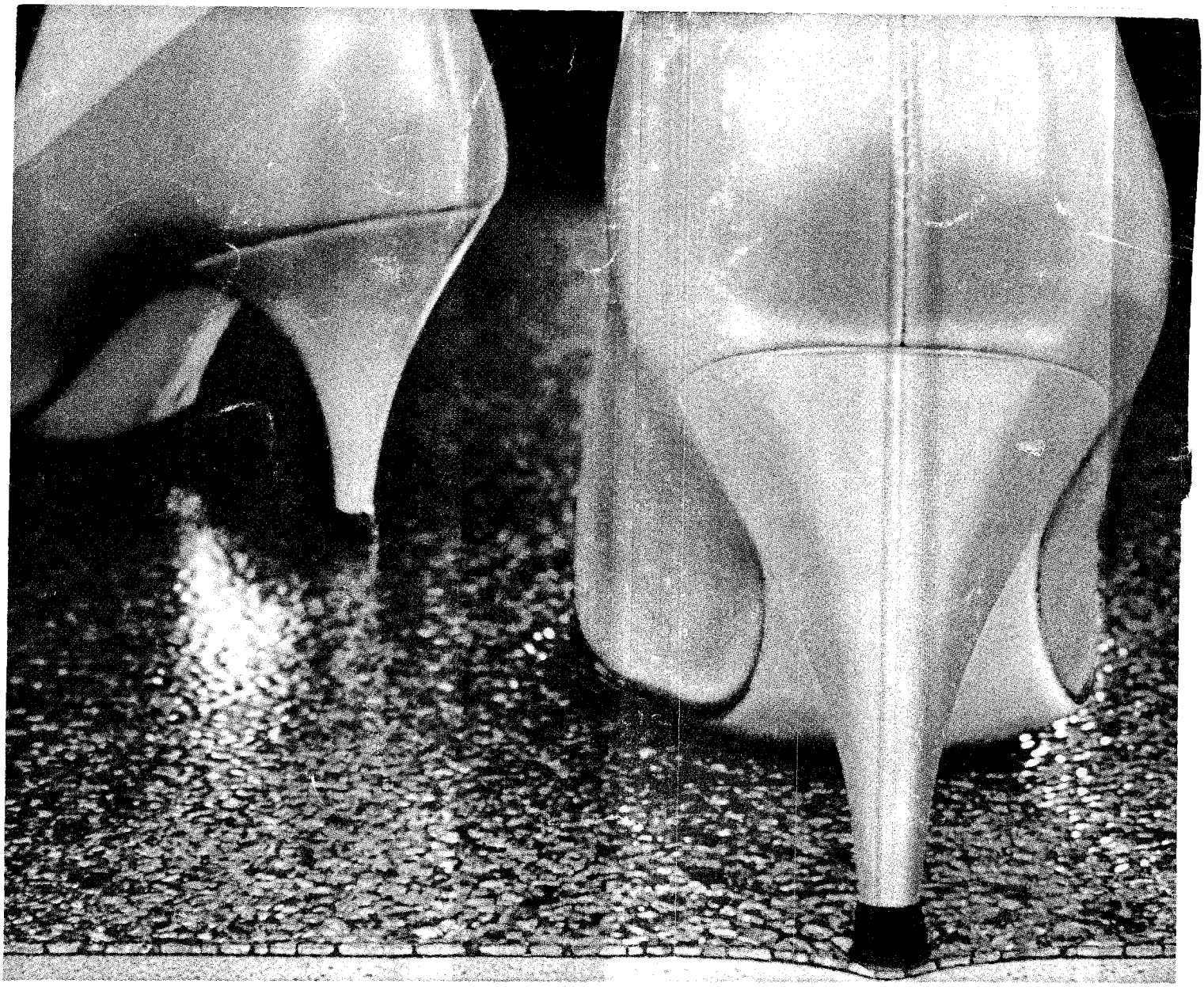

This new Armstrong vinyl floor is so comfortable you won't believe your feet.

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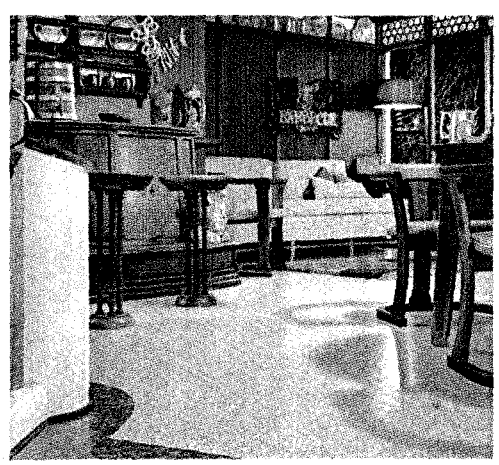

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